

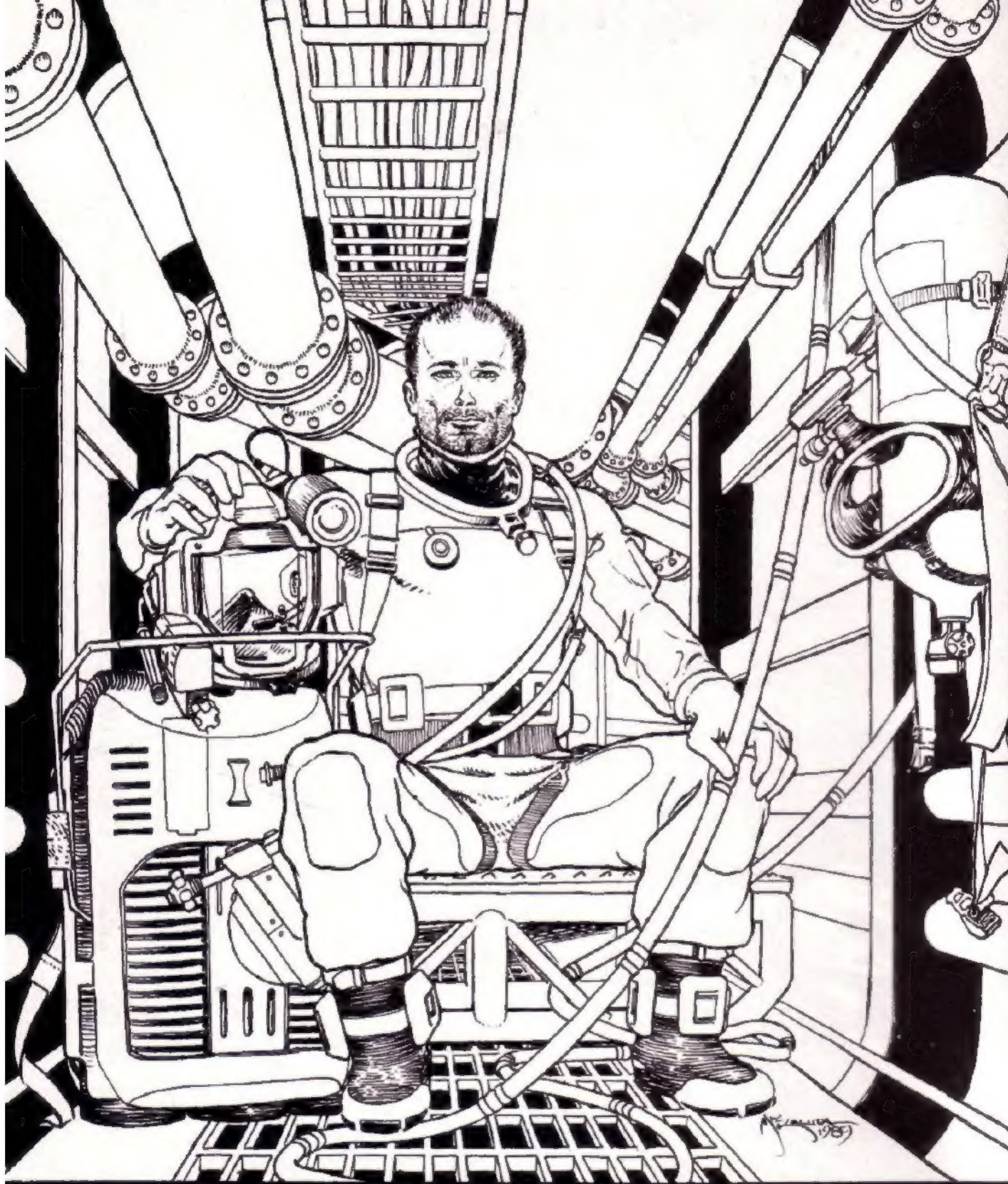


1 (of 2)  
\$2.25 U.S.  
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# THE ABYSS







TWENTIETH CENTURY FOX Presents A DARK HORSE COMICS Adaptation of A JAMES CAMERON Film  
 SCREENPLAY ADAPTED BY RANDY STRADLEY ILLUSTRATED BY MICHAEL KALUTA COLORED BY RANDY STRADLEY LETTERED BY TODD KLEIN  
 WITH PRODUCTION DRAWINGS BY MOEBIUS AND STEVE BURG ADDITIONAL TEXT BY VAN LING SPECIAL CONSULTANTS PAMELA NORTH AND ANNE MARIE STEIN  
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 LEE MOYER PAMELA NORTH PHILLIP NORWOOD ANNE MARIE STEIN AND CLIFFORD WERBER  
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FOR A TODDLER TAKING ITS FIRST STEPS, JUST PUTTING ONE FOOT IN FRONT OF THE OTHER IS A BIG ACCOMPLISHMENT. AS WE GET OLDER-- AS WALKING BECOMES AUTOMATIC-- WE START SETTING BIGGER AND BIGGER GOALS FOR OURSELVES. SOMEHOW, WE FIND THE ENERGY, OR COURAGE, OR SHEER PIG-HEADEDNESS TO KEEP ON TAKING THE **NEXT STEP**. SOMETIMES, THOUGH, I THINK WE FAIL TO MAKE THE DISTINCTION BETWEEN WHAT WE **CAN** DO AND WHAT WE **SHOULD** DO.

WE WERE 1700 FEET DOWN AND TEN WEEKS INTO AN ELEVEN WEEK OPERATION THAT SOME OF THE ENGINEERS AT **BENTHIC PETROLEUM** REFERRED TO AS "**LINDSEY'S FOLLY**." BUT THAT WAS JUST PROFESSIONAL JEALOUSY. **DEEPCORE** HAD OUT-PERFORMED EVERYONE'S EXPECTATIONS, AND WE WERE NO MORE THAN FOUR DAYS FROM PROVING SUBMERSIBLE DRILLING PLATFORMS A VIABLE COMMERCIAL VENTURE.

AT THAT DEPTH IT WAS ALWAYS NIGHT-- AS DARK AND SILENT AS A NEWBORN'S DREAMS. FORGETTING THAT THE **REAL WORLD** STILL EXISTED UP ABOVE WAS EASY TO DO...

...EASY, BUT NOT ALWAYS POSSIBLE.

BUD,  
PICK UP THE  
TOPSIDE LINE  
--URGENT.

BRIGMAN  
HERE, KIRKHILL?  
WHAT'S GOING--

...I AM CALM.  
I'M A CALM PERSON.  
IS THERE SOME REASON  
WHY I **SHOULDN'T**  
BE CALM?...

ATTENTION  
FLATBED AND  
ALL DIVERS!  
DROP WHAT YOU'RE  
DOING. EVERYBODY  
OUT OF THE  
POOL.

WHAT'S  
GOIN' ON,  
BOSS?

WE'VE BEEN  
TOLD TO SHUT DOWN  
THE HOLE AND PREPARE  
TO MOVE **DEEPCORE**--A  
MATTER OF **NATIONAL  
SECURITY**. GET DRESSED  
AND GET UP TO CONTROL.  
THERE'S A BRIEFING  
IN TEN MINUTES.



AT 9:22 LOCAL TIME THIS MORNING, AN AMERICAN NUCLEAR SUBMARINE, THE U.S.S. MONTANA, WENT DOWN 22 MILES FROM HERE. THERE HAS BEEN NO CONTACT WITH THE SUB SINCE THEN.

YOUR COMPANY HAS AUTHORIZED THE NAVY'S USE OF THIS FACILITY. WE NEED DIVERS TO ENTER THE SUB AND SEARCH FOR SURVIVORS--



DON'T YOU GUYS HAVE YOUR OWN STUFF FOR THIS TYPE OF THING, COMMODORE DEMARCO?

I KNEW MY CREW. THEY WERE GOOD, BUT THEY WEREN'T TRAINED FOR RESCUE WORK.

BY THE TIME WE CAN GET OUR EQUIPMENT THERE, HURRICANE FREDERICK WILL BE RIGHT ON TOP OF US. BUT YOU CAN GET YOUR RIG UNDER THE STORM AND BE ON-SITE IN 15 HOURS--

KIRK HILL KNEW MY CREW, TOO. AND HE KNEW JUST WHAT TO SAY, THE PRICK.

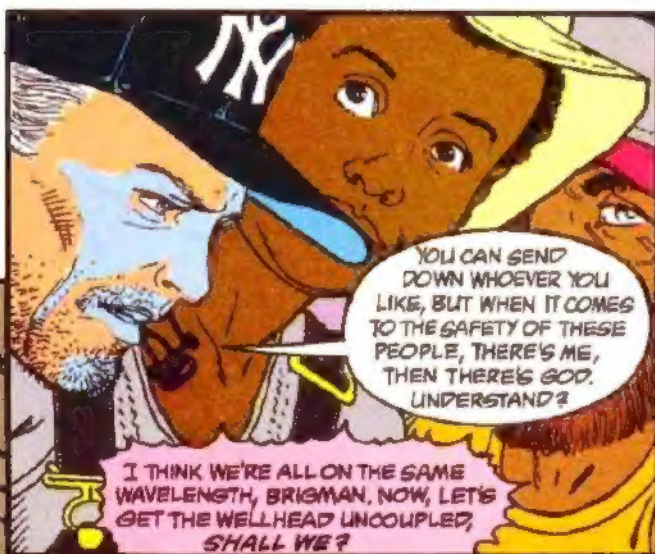
HELL, FOR TRIPLE TIME I'LL CRAWL THROUGH RAZOR BLADES AND SHOWER OFF WITH LIME JUICE.



I'VE BEEN AUTHORIZED TO OFFER SPECIAL-DUTY BONUSES EQUIVALENT TO THREE TIMES NORMAL DIVE PAY.



A FOUR-MAN SEAL TEAM WILL TRANSFER DOWN TO SUPERVISE THE OPERATION.



YOU CAN SEND DOWN WHOEVER YOU LIKE, BUT WHEN IT COMES TO THE SAFETY OF THESE PEOPLE, THERE'S ME, THEN THERE'S GOD. UNDERSTAND?

I THINK WE'RE ALL ON THE SAME WAVELENGTH, BRISMAN. NOW, LET'S GET THE WELLHEAD UNCOUPLED, SHALL WE?

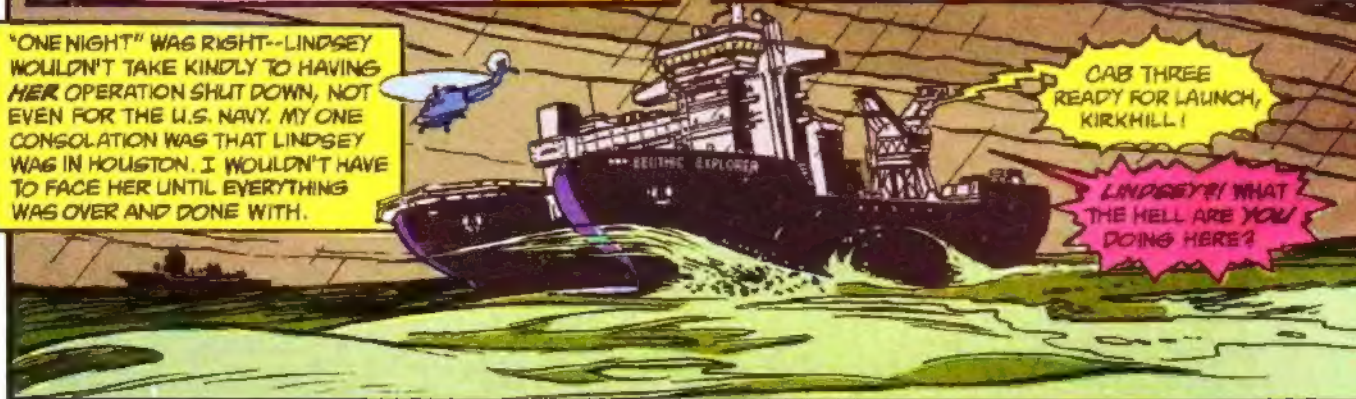


WHEN LINDSEY FINDS OUT ABOUT THIS, THEY'RE GOING TO HAVE TO SHOOT HER WITH A TRANQUILIZER GUN.

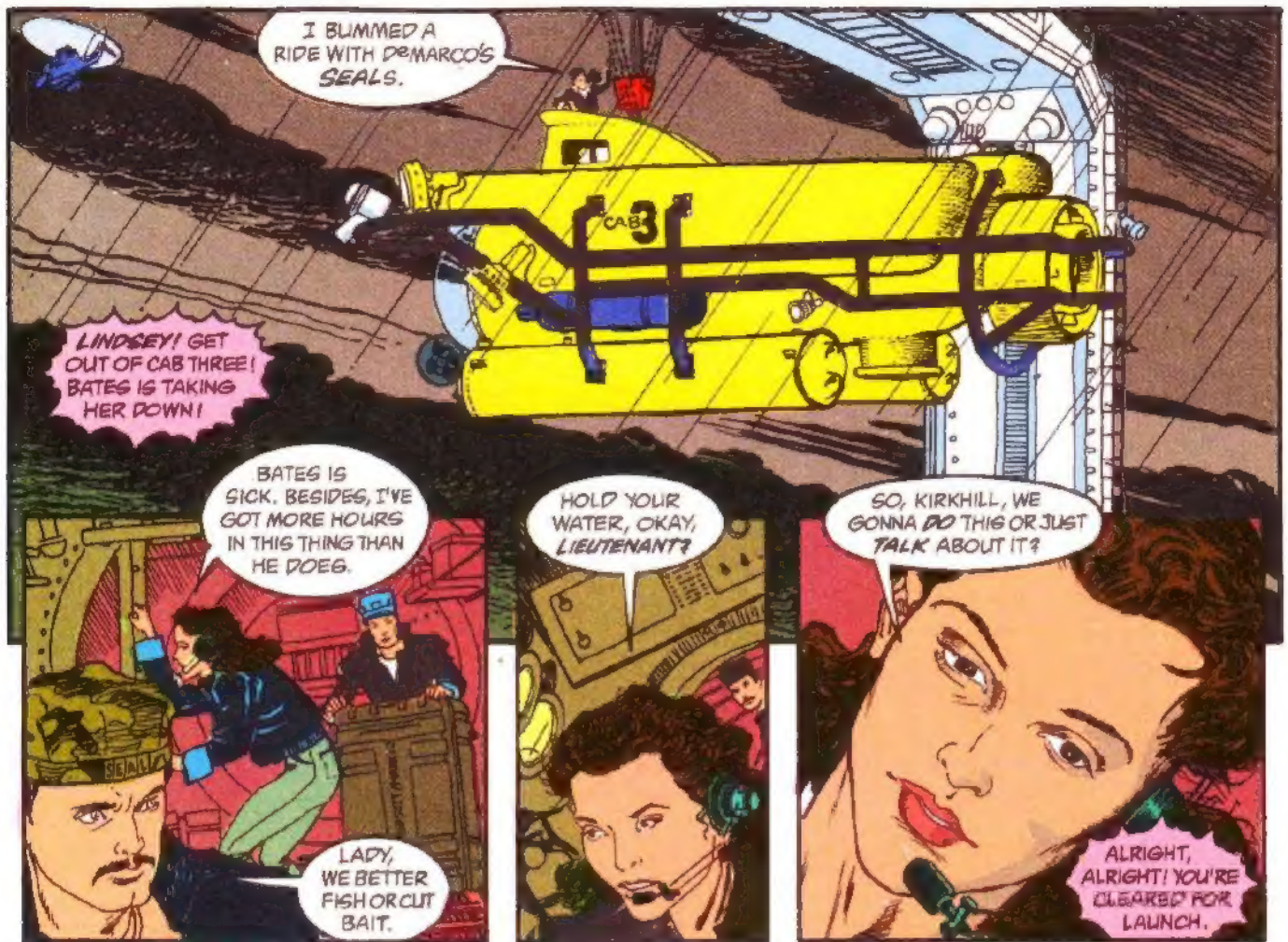
"ONE NIGHT" WAS RIGHT--LINDSEY WOULDN'T TAKE KINDLY TO HAVING HER OPERATION SHUT DOWN, NOT EVEN FOR THE U.S. NAVY. MY ONE CONSOLATION WAS THAT LINDSEY WAS IN HOUSTON. I WOULDN'T HAVE TO FACE HER UNTIL EVERYTHING WAS OVER AND DONE WITH.

CAB THREE READY FOR LAUNCH, KIRK HILL!

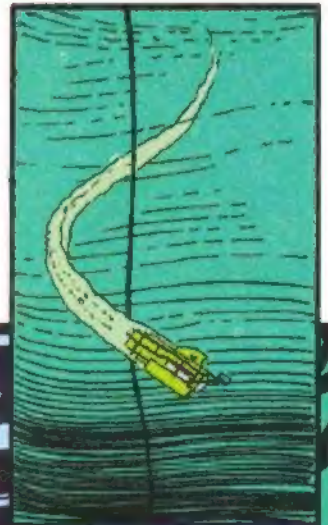
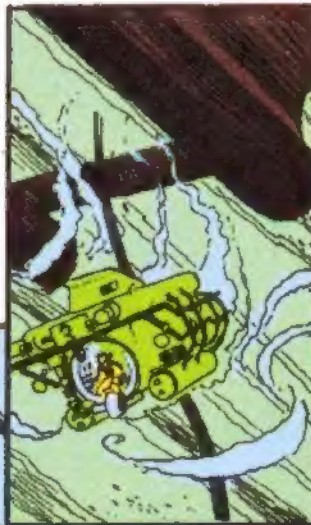
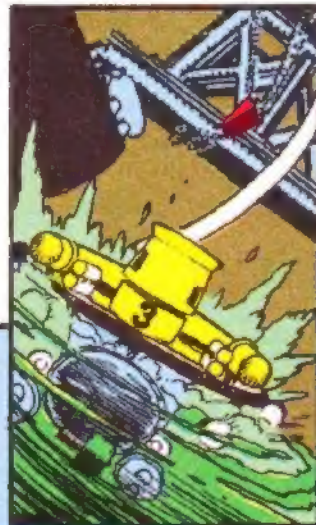
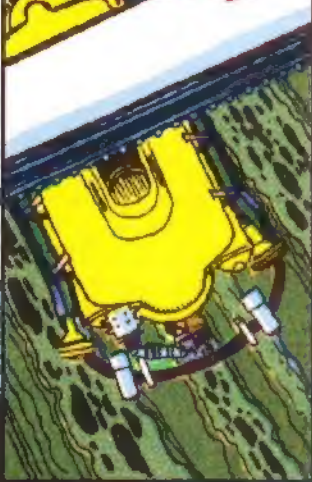
LINDSEY?! WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING HERE?



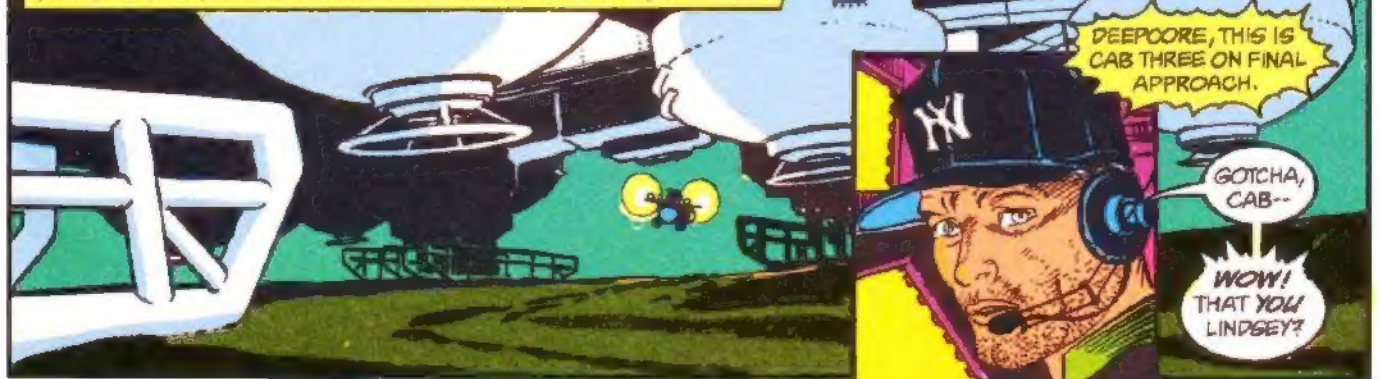




**KA-LANG!**



STEERING 5500 TONS OF UNDERWATER DRILLING HARDWARE ACROSS TWENTY-TWO MILES OF BARREN SEA BOTTOM ISN'T NEARLY AS EXCITING AS IT SOUNDS-- ESPECIALLY AT A ONE AND A HALF KNOT CRAWL. I PASSED THE TIME PLANNING WHAT I WAS GOING TO TELL LINDSEY ONCE WE GOT BACK TO THE SURFACE...







GET COMFORTABLE. WE GOT EIGHT HOURS IN THE COMPRESSION CHAMBER ADJUSTING TO OUR CURRENT DEPTH. WORGEYET, IT'LL TAKE **THREE WEEKS** TO DECOMPRESS BACK TO SURFACE PRESSURE--

WE'VE BEEN FULLY BRIEFED, MRS. BRIGMAN.



DON'T CALL ME THAT, COFFEY-- I HATE IT...OKAY, WE HAVE TO START WATCHING EACH OTHER FOR SIGNS OF **H.P.N.S.**--

**HIGH-PRESSURE NERVOUS SYNDROME.** MUSCLE TREMORS, USUALLY THE HANDS FIRST. NAUSEA, EXCITABILITY, DIS-ORIENTATION...



RIGHT. ABOUT ONE PERSON IN TWENTY CAN'T HANDLE IT. THEY GO BUGGO. THERE'S NO WAY TO PREDICT WHO'S SUSCEPTIBLE, SO--

LOOK, WE'RE ALL CHECKED OUT.

OH... WELL...

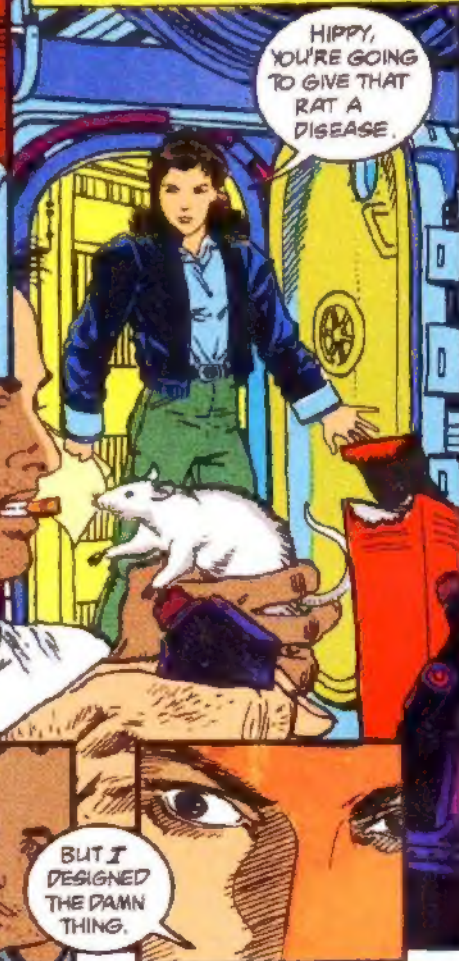


THEN THIS IS NOTHING NEW FOR YOU...



I GUESS IT'S GONNA BE A LONG EIGHT HOURS.

IT'S AMAZING HOW FAST EIGHT HOURS CAN PASS WHEN YOU DON'T WANT IT TO.



HIPPY, YOU'RE GOING TO GIVE THAT RAT A DISEASE.



I HAD A LOT RIDING ON THIS PROJECT, BUT I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU LET THEM GRAB MY RIG!



YOUR RIG? BENTHIC PETROLEUM PAID FOR THIS--



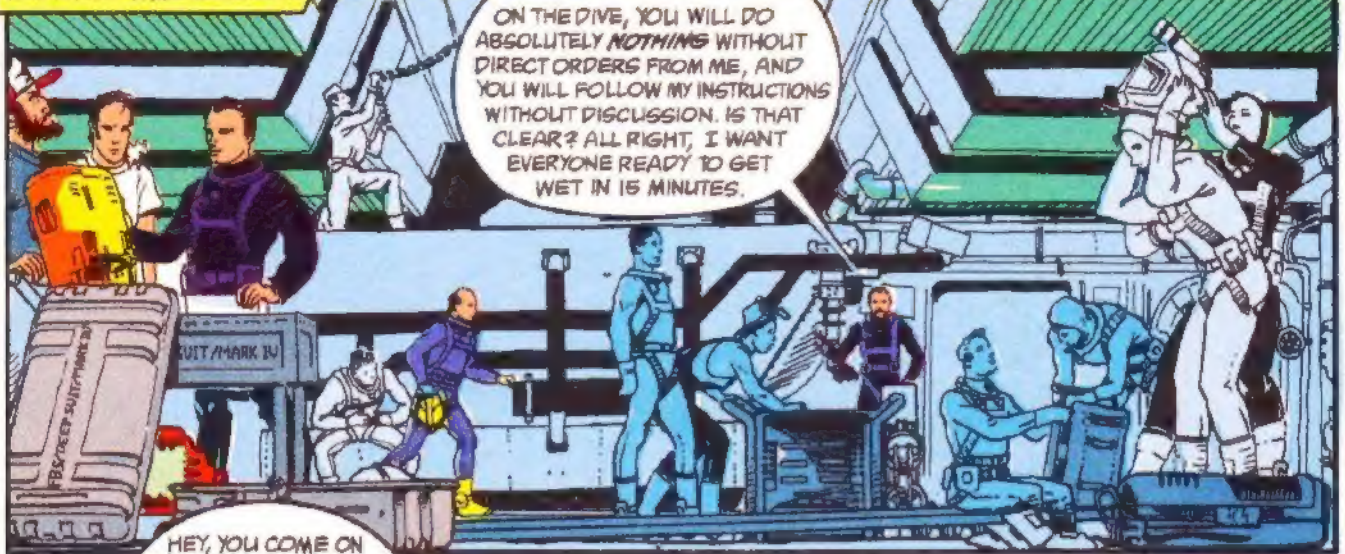
BUT I DESIGNED THE DAMN THING.





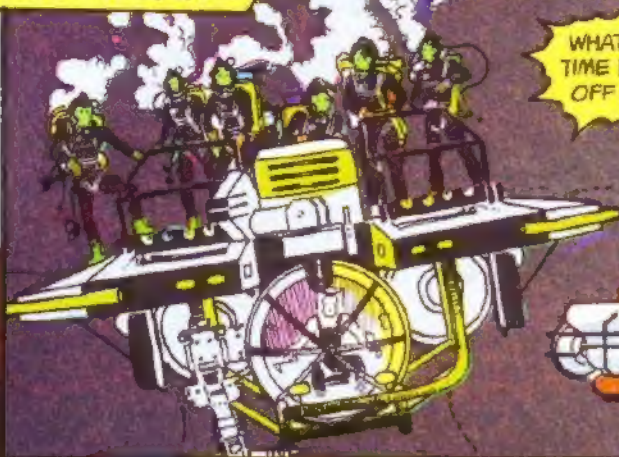


ONCE DEEPCORE HAD REACHED ITS DESTINATION, THE *SEALS*, COMMANDED BY LT. COFFEY, WASTED NO TIME SETTING UP FOR THE DIVE. THE SUB HAD GONE DOWN ON A LEDGE IN 2000 FEET OF WATER AT THE EDGE OF THE CAYMAN TROUGH. THE NAVY HAD BEEN LUCKY. A FEW YARDS FURTHER OVER THE TRENCH AND THE *MONTANA* WOULD'VE GONE STRAIGHT TO THE BOTTOM--THREE AND A HALF MILES BELOW.





EVERYTHING ABOUT THE TRIP TO THE MONTANA SEEMED LIKE A *TYPICAL* WORK DIVE -- EXCEPT THAT COFFEY AND HIS BOYS WERE ALONG FOR THE RIDE, AND WE WERE ALL PAINFULLY AWARE OF THE DANGER WE FACED IF THE SUB'S NUCLEAR REACTOR HAD BEEN BREACHED.



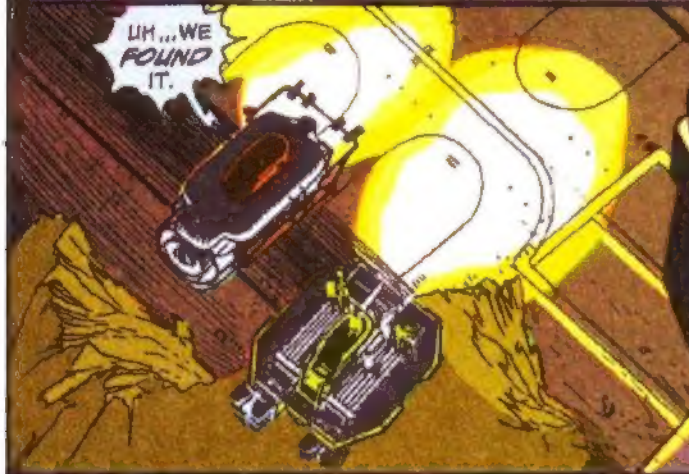
WHAT GOOD IS TRIPLE-TIME IF YOUR DICK FALLS OFF IN SIX MONTHS?

KNOCK OFF THE CHATTER, CAB THREE. YOU GETTING ANYTHING, CAB ONE?



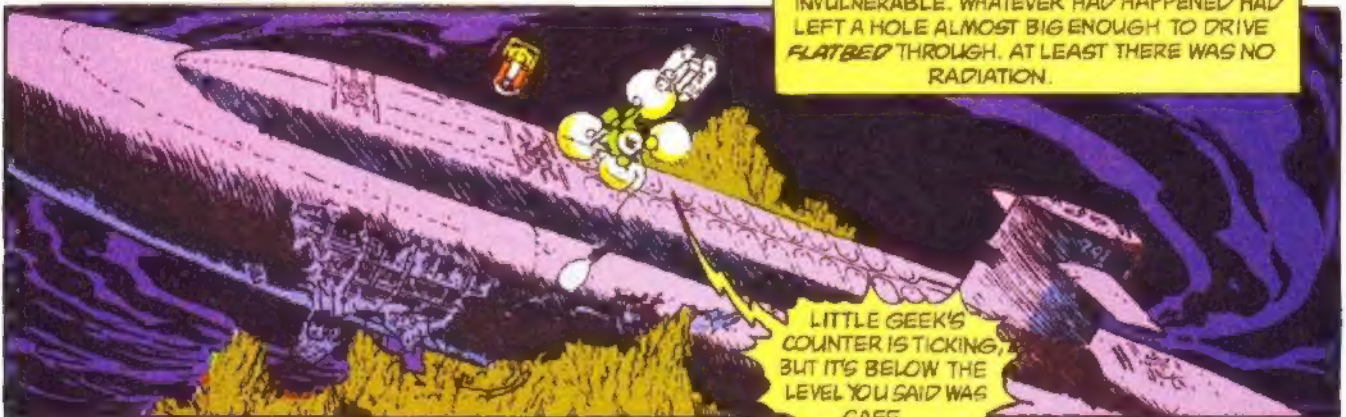
NO RADIATION, BUT THE MAGNETOMETER IS TWITCHING. SIDE-SCAN IS SHOWING A BIG RETURN...

UH...WE FOUND IT.



THE MONTANA MADE DEEPOORE LOOK LIKE A MINIATURE. I COULD UNDERSTAND WHY COFFEY AND HIS MEN WERE SO UNIMPRESSED WITH OUR WORK--THE MILITARY HAD BIGGER AND BETTER TOYS.

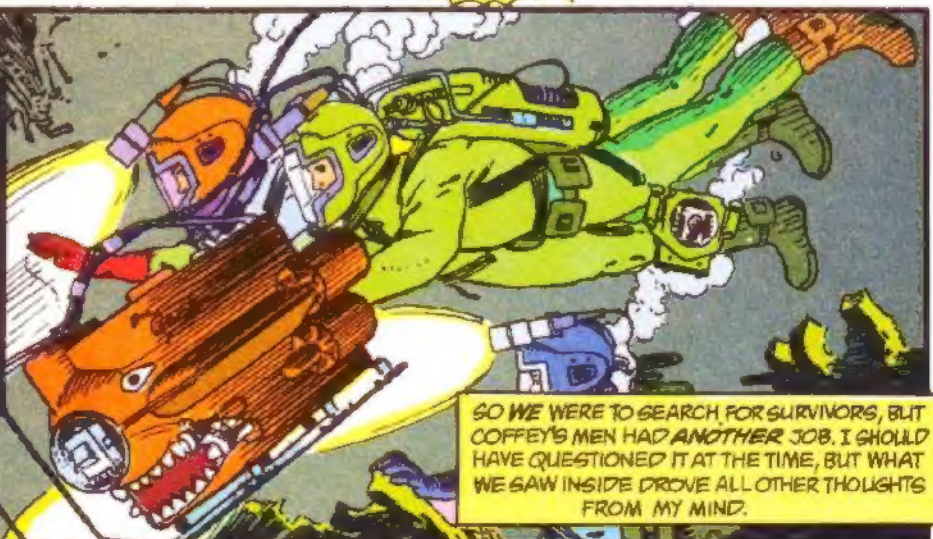
BUT FOR ALL ITS SIZE, THE MONTANA WASN'T INVULNERABLE. WHATEVER HAD HAPPENED HAD LEFT A HOLE ALMOST BIG ENOUGH TO DRIVE *FLATBED* THROUGH. AT LEAST THERE WAS NO RADIATION.



LITTLE GEEK'S COUNTER IS TICKING, BUT IT'S BELOW THE LEVEL YOU SAID WAS SAFE.

OKAY, LET'S MOVE OUT.

BRISMAN, YOU AND YOUR MEN WILL ACCOMPANY ME. WE'LL GO IN THROUGH THAT LARGE BREACH. MY MEN HAVE *THEIR* ASSIGNMENT.



SO WE WERE TO SEARCH FOR SURVIVORS, BUT COFFEY'S MEN HAD *ANOTHER* JOB. I SHOULD HAVE QUESTIONED IT AT THE TIME, BUT WHAT WE SAW INSIDE DROVE ALL OTHER THOUGHTS FROM MY MIND.



WHATEVER'D HAPPENED HAD BEEN FAST. THERE'D BEEN NO TIME TO REACT, NO TIME TO SEAL BULKHEADS AGAINST THE RUSH OF WATER. THEY'D ALL DIED QUICKLY-- BUT NONE OF THEM LOOKED AS IF THEY'D DIED EASILY.

COFFEY SPLIT US INTO TWO GROUPS TO SEARCH OTHER PARTS OF THE SUB. IT WAS APPARENT TO ALL OF US THAT WE WOULD BE FINDING NO SURVIVORS, BUT IT WAS A RELIEF TO LEAVE THE CONTROL ROOM ALL THE SAME...

I LEFT CATFISH, FINLER AND SONNY AT ONE LEVEL AND TOOK JAMMER, WHO'D SEEMED THE MOST AFFECTED BY THE SCENE IN THE SUB'S CONTROL ROOM, WITH ME. WE DESCENDED FURTHER INTO THE HEART OF THE MONTANA.

FROM THE WAY JAMMER WAS HYPER-VENTILATING, IT WAS CLEAR HE COULDN'T TAKE MUCH MORE. I WASN'T IN SUCH GREAT SHAPE MYSELF, BUT I WASN'T GONNA LET COFFEY SEE US BACK OFF FROM THE JOB.

WHERE ARE WE?

MISSILE COMPARTMENT. THOSE ARE THE LAUNCH TUBES.

LORD ALMIGHTY.

EASY, BIG GUY.

DON'T WORRY, JAMMER. WE'LL BE IN VOICE CONTACT THE WHOLE TIME...

...YOU'LL BE ABLE TO SEE MY LIGHTS...

...JUST KEEP BREATHING STEADY...

... I'LL JUST BE FIVE MINUTES... THEN WE CAN -- JAMMER? -- AN YOU -- AR ME?

MY FIRST THOUGHT WAS, "WHAT A TIME FOR MY BATTERIES TO GIVE OUT." BUT WHEN I LOOKED BACK, I COULDN'T SEE JAMMER'S LIGHTS EITHER.

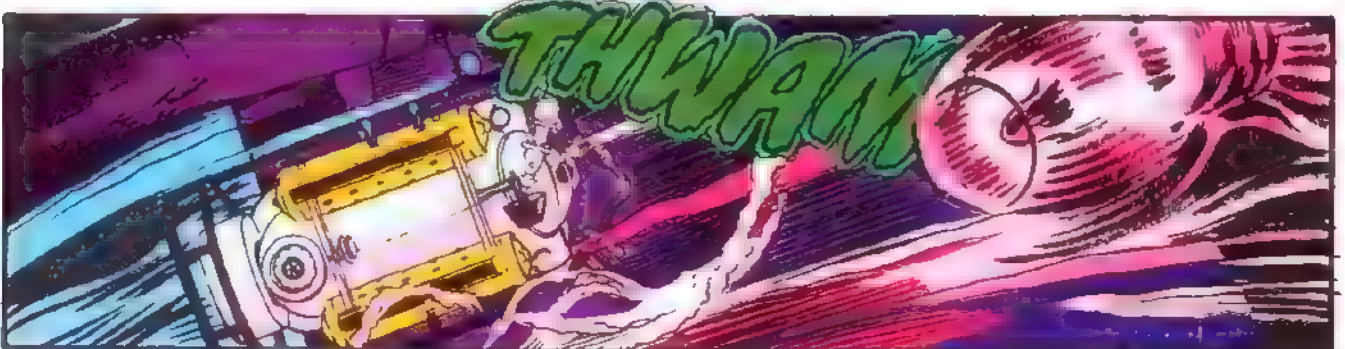
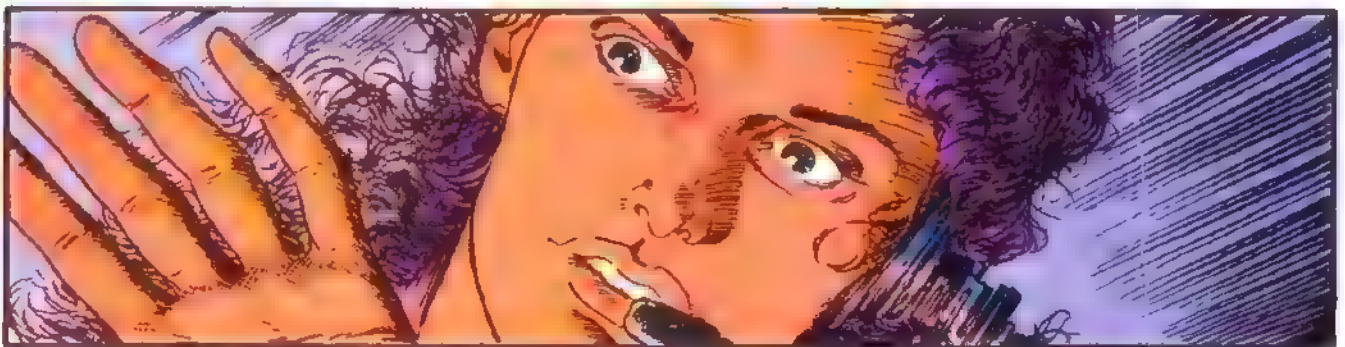
EVERYTHING HAD GONE OUT AT ONCE.



AS SUDDENLY AS IT HAD GONE, POWER RETURNED BUT DURING THAT MOMENT OF DARKNESS SOMETHING HAD HAPPENED TO JAMMER TO SEND HIM INTO TOTAL PANIC.

JAMMER!  
WAIT!

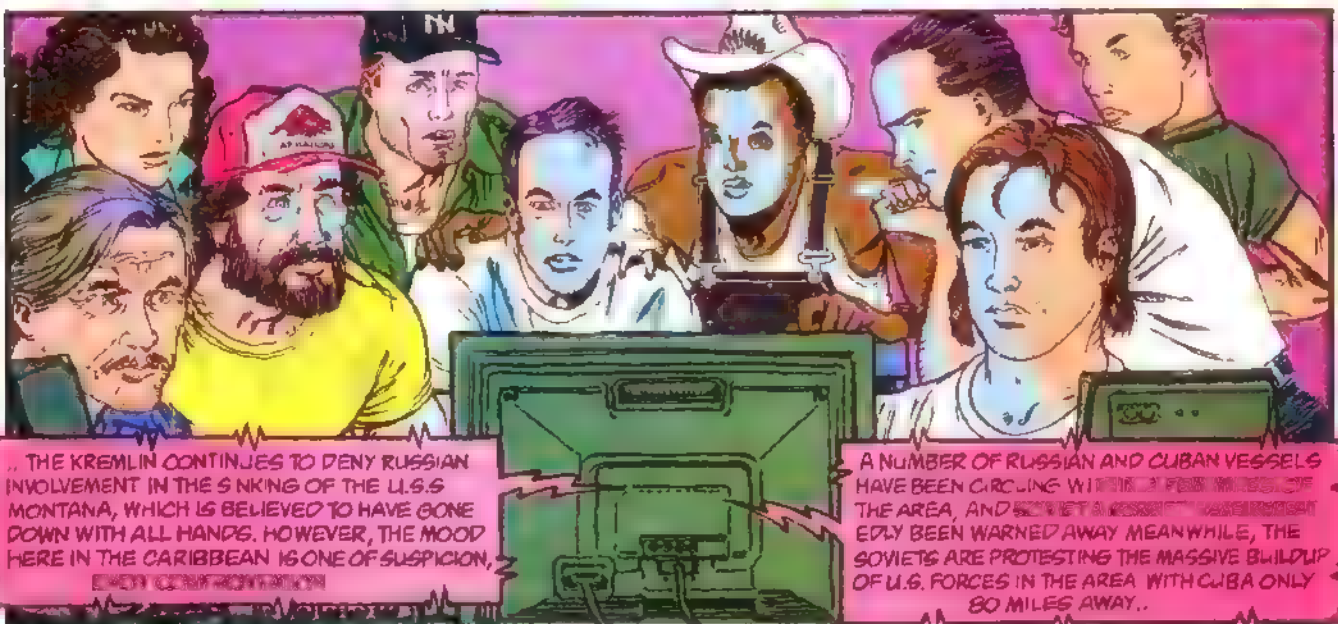
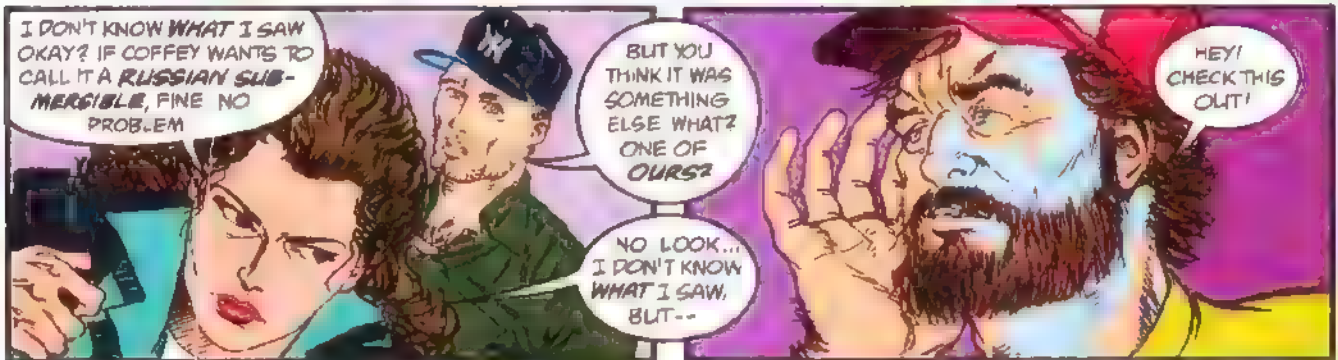
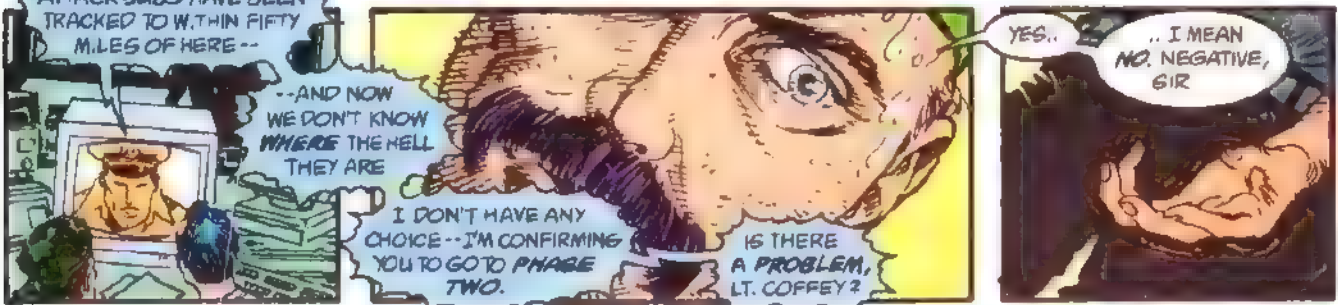
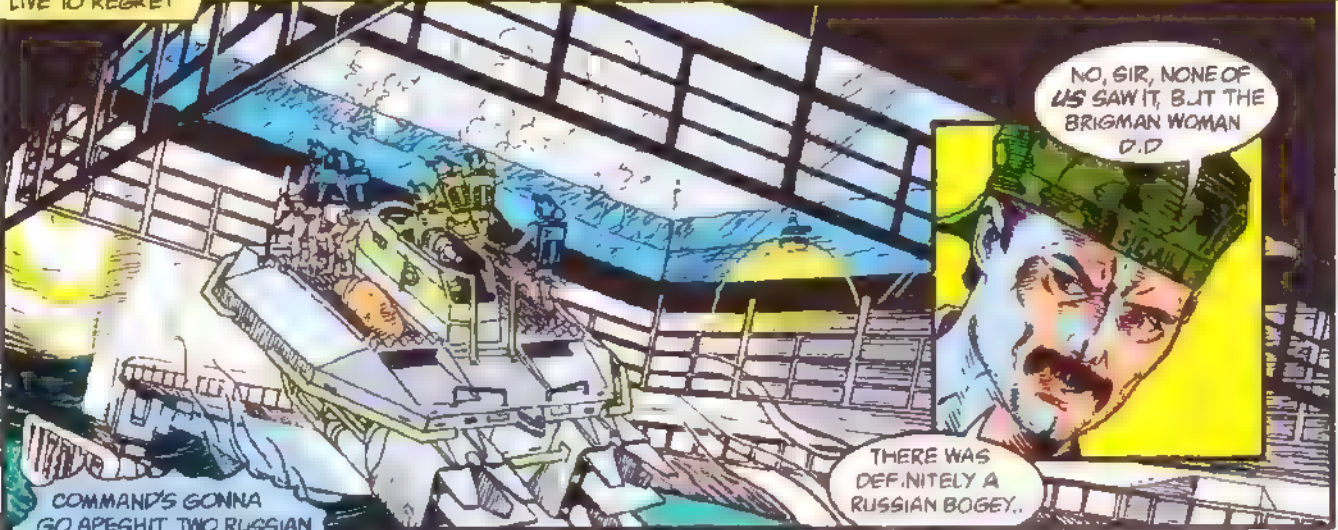
I DIDN'T KNOW IT AT THE TIME BUT JAMMER AND I WEREN'T THE ONLY ONES EXPERIENCING PROBLEMS.





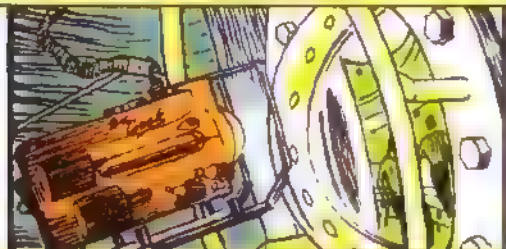
SOMEHOW, EVERYONE MADE IT BACK TO DEEPCORE. IN ONE PIECE. JAMMER WAS OUT COLD, THE CAMERAS ON CAB ONE WERE TOTALED, AND LINDSEY WAS BUSTING WITH EXCITEMENT OVER SOMETHING NO ONE ELSE HAD SEEN. I HADN'T SEEN HER THAT PUMPED UP OVER ANYTHING SINCE SHE'D SIGNED WITH BENTHIC. NOT EVEN OUR WEDDING NIGHT.

WITH EVERYTHING ELSE THAT WAS HAPPENING, I NEGLECTED TO QUESTION THE **BUNDLE COFFEY'S** MEN HAD BROUGHT BACK WITH THEM. IT WAS AN OVERSIGHT I'D LIVE TO REGRET.





THE NEWS WASN'T GOOD BY ANYBODY'S STANDARDS. WHAT HAD STARTED OUT AS A RESCUE MISSION LOOKED AS THOUGH IT MIGHT LEAD TO WORLD WAR THREE! STILL, I WAS INCLINED TO TAKE THE NEWS WITH A GRAIN OF SALT. AFTER ALL, OUR MISSION WAS OVER. IN A FEW HOURS WE'D RECEIVE ORDERS TO PULL OUT, AND EVERYTHING COULD RETURN TO NORMAL.

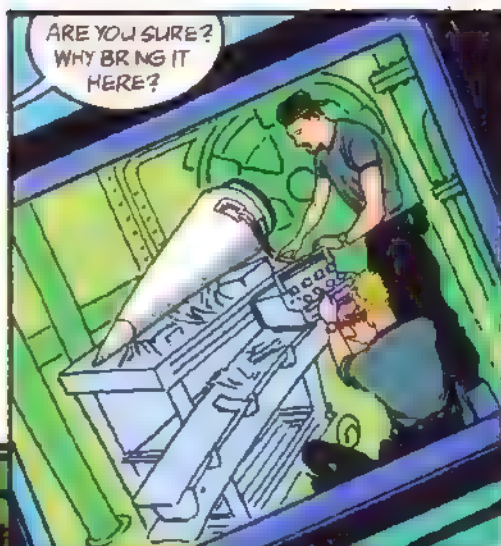


BUT HIPPI, WHO WAS SURE **EVERYTHING** WAS A CONSPIRACY, DECIDED TO INITIATE SOME COVERT ACTIVITIES OF HIS OWN -- WITH THE HELP OF BIG GEEK'S CAMERAS

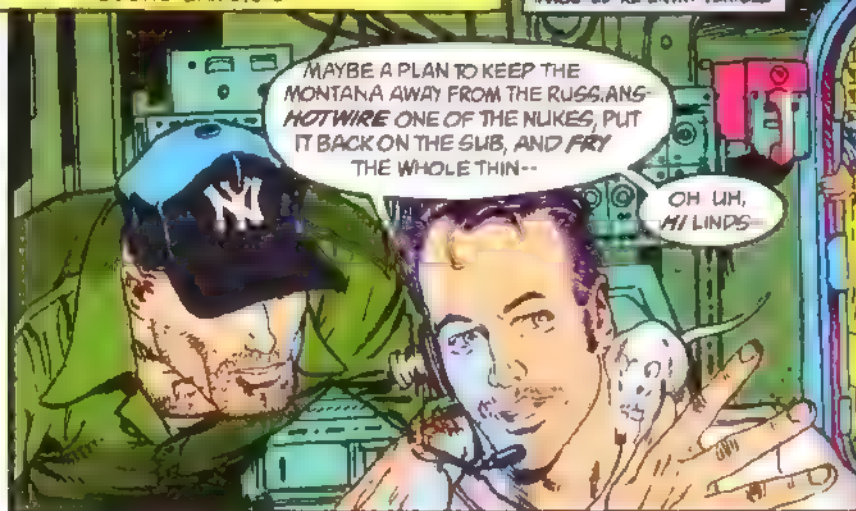


SAY HELLO TO MIRV.\*

\*MULTIPLE INDEPENDENTLY-TARGETED RE-ENTRY VEHICLE

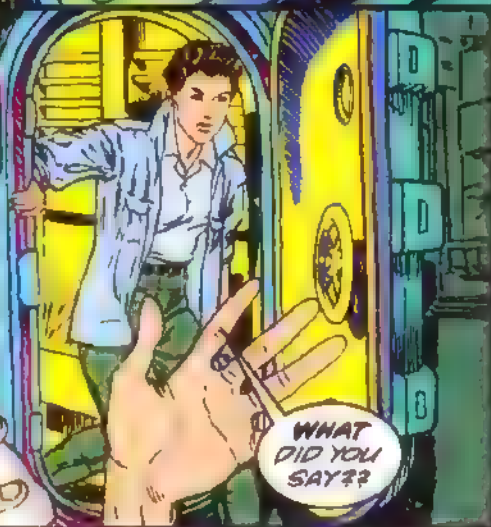


ARE YOU SURE? WHY BRING IT HERE?



MAYBE A PLAN TO KEEP THE MONTANA AWAY FROM THE RUSSIANS. HOTWIRE ONE OF THE NUKES, PUT IT BACK ON THE SUB, AND FRY THE WHOLE THING--

OH UH, HI LINDSEY



WHAT DID YOU SAY??



COFFEY! WITH EVERYTHING THAT'S GOING ON UP IN THE WORLD, YOU BRING A NUCLEAR WEAPON ONTO MY RIG??

I WAS BEHIND LINDSEY, WITH HER ALL THE WAY-- UNTIL I GOT A LOOK AT COFFEY. HE COULD HAVE BEEN THE H P N S POSTER BOY



COFFEY WAS TEETERING ON THE EDGE, AND ALL IT WOULD TAKE WOULD BE ONE PUSH FROM LINDSEY...



MY DUTY SUPERCEDES CONCERN FOR THIS INSTALLATION. AS YOU SAW FOR YOURSELF, THE SOVIETS HAVE ALREADY MADE ONE ATTEMPT--

SOVIETS?! COFFEY, WHAT I SAW WAS NO MORE RUSSIAN THAN--

LINDSEY! BUD!

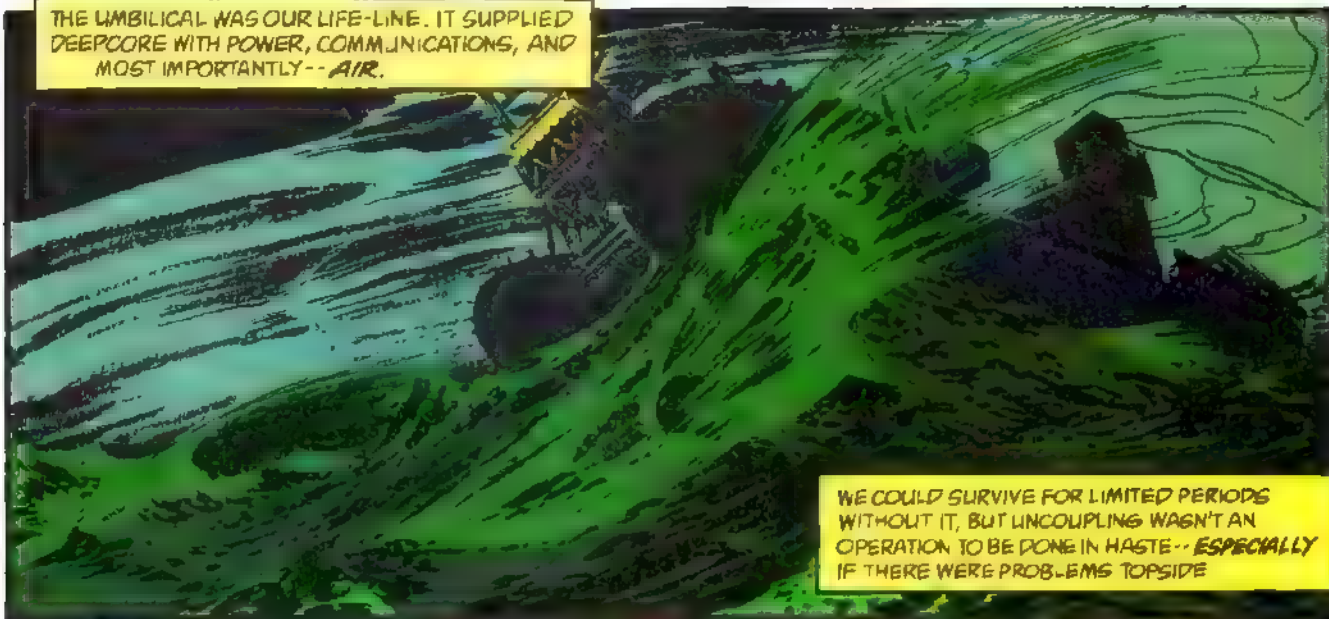


WE JUST GOT WORD FROM TOPSIDE-- THE STORM IS GETTING WORSE. WE'VE GOT TO UNHOOK THE UMBILICAL-- NOW!

IT WAS THE FIRST TIME IN MY LIFE I'D EVER BEEN THANKFUL FOR A LIFE-THREATENING EMERGENCY!



THE UMBILICAL WAS OUR LIFE-LINE. IT SUPPLIED DEEPCORE WITH POWER, COMMUNICATIONS, AND MOST IMPORTANTLY-- AIR.



WE COULD SURVIVE FOR LIMITED PERIODS WITHOUT IT, BUT UNCOUPLING WASN'T AN OPERATION TO BE DONE IN HASTE-- ESPECIALLY IF THERE WERE PROBLEMS TOPSIDE



THE HEAVE-COMPENSATOR!  
IT'S GONNA--

LOOK, COFFEY'S IN BAD SHAPE. HE'S EXHIBITING SYMPTOMS OF PRESSURE-INDUCED PSYCHOSIS, AND HE'S GOT A NUCLEAR WEAPON. I THINK IT'D BE A GOOD IDEA TO STAY AS COOL AS--

WHOA!



THE UMBILICAL AND ITS SUPPORT CRANE ON THE EXPLORER WERE NEVER INTENDED TO SUPPORT THE WEIGHT OF DEEPCORE. IT WAS RECOGNIZED THAT SUCH A SITUATION MIGHT POSSIBLY OCCUR, BUT IT WAS ALWAYS EXPECTED THAT THE UMBILICAL WOULD SNAP BEFORE THE CRANE



OF COURSE, IT'D NEVER BEEN PUT TO A PRACTICAL TEST







I GAVE ORDERS AUTOMATICALLY, KNOWING EVEN AS I GAVE THEM THAT ANY ACTION WOULD BE FUTILE. IF THE EXPLORER'S 40-TON CRANE HIT US, IT'D BE LIKE A SLEDGEHAMMER HITTING A SIX-PACK.



OUR CHEERS DIED IN OUR THROATS AS WE WATCHED THE CRANE SLIDE OVER THE EDGE OF THE TRENCH. WE DIDN'T NEED OUR ENGINEERING DEGREES TO REALIZE IT'D DRAG DEEPCORE JUST LIKE ONE OF THOSE 'WALKING' TOYS WHOSE WEIGHTED STRINGS PULL THEM UNTIL THEY REACH THE EDGE OF THE TABLE. ONLY DEEPCORE WAS NEVER DESIGNED TO 'WALK,' AND THERE WAS NO GUARANTEE IT'D STOP WHEN IT REACHED THE EDGE OF THE ABYSS.



DEEPCORE'S ADVANCE TOWARD THE TRENCH WAS HALTED WHEN IT SLAMMED INTO AN OUTCROPPING OF ROCK. I GUESS YOU COULD SAY WE WERE **LUCKY**--

BUT IT WASN'T LUCKY FOR **EVERYONE**. FINLER, DIETZ AND McWHIRTER WERE IN THE SECTION WHERE DEEPCORE'S HULL **RAMMED** THE OUTCROPPING.

.. AND BEFORE THE THREE MEN IN THE ROOM COULD ESCAPE

CLANG

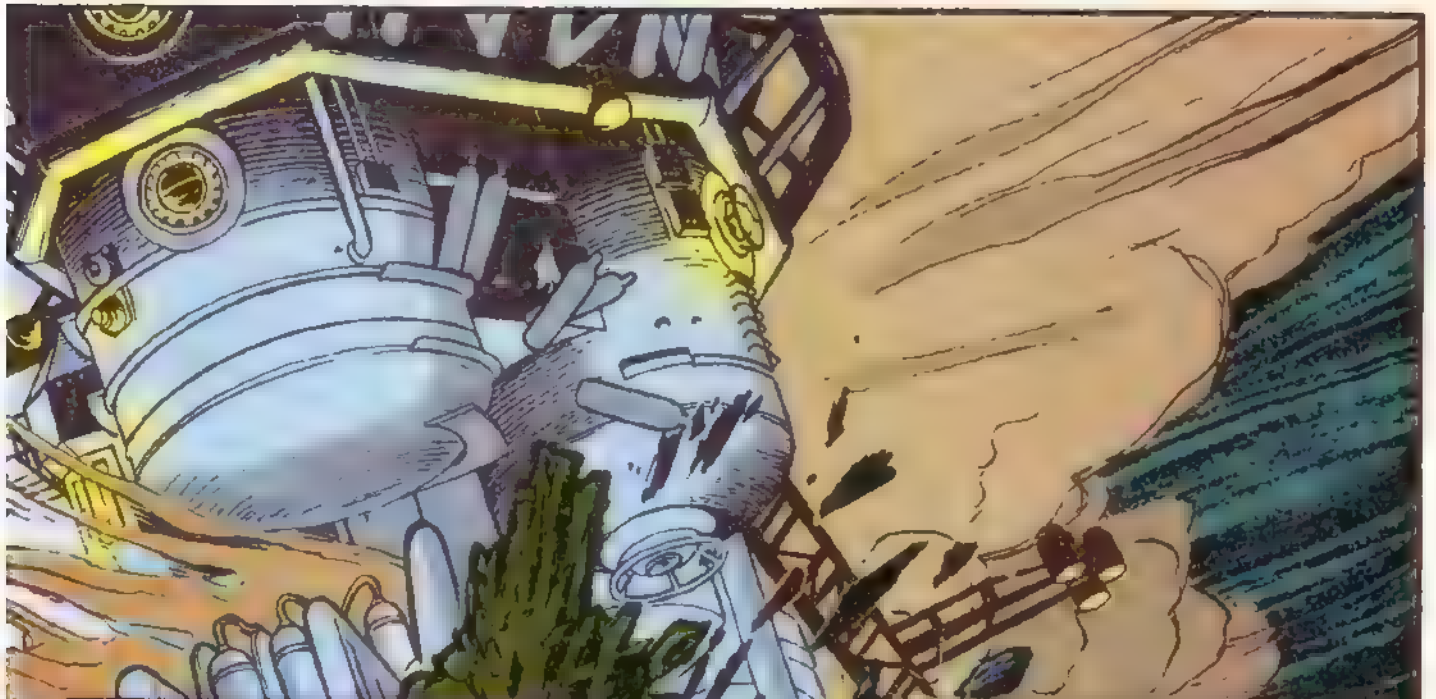
THE AUTOMATIC DOORS WORKED JUST AS DESIGNED - SEALING OFF THE RUPTURED SECTION OF THE RIG BEFORE THE **WHOLE** OF DEEPCORE WAS FLOODED..

MY HESITATION NEARLY COST **ME** MY LIFE. A WALL, WEAKENED BY THE CRASH, GAVE WAY

BLOOSH!

I SHOULD HAVE RUN-- GOTTEN MYSELF BEYOND THE NEXT BULKHEAD, JUST IN CASE. BUT ALL I COULD DO WAS STARE AT THREE MEN... THREE **FRIENDS** WHOSE LIVES HAD BEEN **MY** RESPONSIBILITY.





EVEN IF I REACHED THE DOOR THERE WAS NO WAY I COULD STOP IT FROM CLOSING...

THEN A MIRACLE HAPPENED ONLY AN M.I.T. GRAD LIKE LINDSEY WOULD'VE PICKED TITANIUM FOR A WEDDING BAND

KA-CHING!

CUT THE HYDRAULIC LINES!

I'M CUTTIN'! I'M CUTTIN'!



ONLY LINDSEY.



THE SITUATION WAS LESS THAN PERFECT AFTER THAT WE'D LOST FOUR, COFFEY'D LOST TWO-- WITH ANOTHER LAD UP WITH A BUSTED LEG I DIDN'T CARE TO THINK WHAT THAT MIGHT DO TO HIS ALREADY DETERIORATING CONDITION. WE HAD OTHER PROBLEMS--LEAKS TO PATCH, POWER TO RESTORE, AND ONE OTHER MAJOR CONCERN...A R

HOOK UP HERE, CATFISH. THERE'S SOME TANKS ON THE OTHER SIDE--I'LL CHECK THEM OUT.

WHILE I TENDED TO THE WOUNDED AND COUNTED THE DEAD, LINDSEY AND CATFISH WENT OUTSIDE TO SALVAGE WHAT THEY COULD. UNTIL HURRICANE FREDERICK BLEW ITSELF OUT, WE COULD EXPECT NO HELP FROM ABOVE.

BUT, ACCORDING TO LINDSEY AFTER SHE RETURNED FROM HER DIVE WE MIGHT'VE BEEN EXPECTING SOME HELP FROM.

...BELOW.

THE ONLY PROBLEM WAS, NO ONE ELSE SAW ANYTHING. I WAS ALREADY CERTAIN COFFEY WAS SUFFERING FROM H.P.N.S-- I DIDN'T WANT TO HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT LINDSEY, TOO.

LOOK AT ME. DO I SEEM STRESSED? ANY SYMPTOMS OF PRESSURE SICKNESS? ANY TREMORS? SLURRED SPEECH?

WELL, NO, BUT... LINDSEY, WHAT YOU'RE DESCRIBING IS--

--IS NOT HUMAN. GET IT? I'M TALKING ABOUT A NON-TERRESTRIAL INTELLIGENCE.

NON-TERRESTRIAL INTELLIGENCES. NTI'S YEAH!



EVERYONE HAD THEIR OWN OPINION ABOUT WHAT LINDSEY SAID SHE'D SEEN. WE DIDN'T KNOW THAT A FEW HOURS LATER SOMETHING WOULD HAPPEN THAT WOULD PUT AN END TO ALL DISCUSSION



THAT THEY WERE *NON-TERRESTRIAL*  
THERE WAS NO MORE DOUBT ..



AND THEY WERE APPARENTLY AS CURIOUS  
ABOUT US AS WE WERE ABOUT THEM.

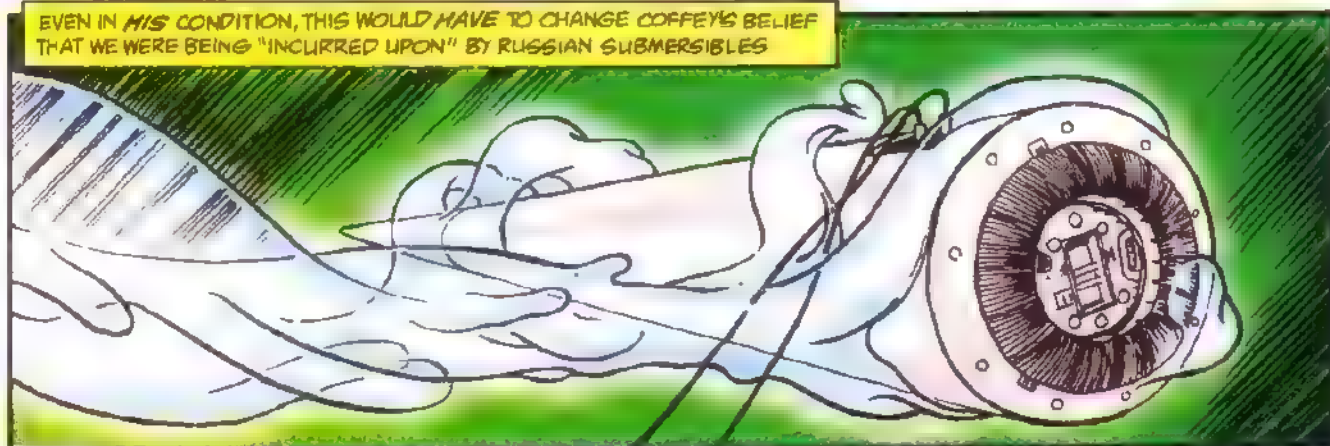


I THINK  
IT LIKES  
YOU.



I FIGURED THIS WOULD  
CHANGE EVERYTHING...

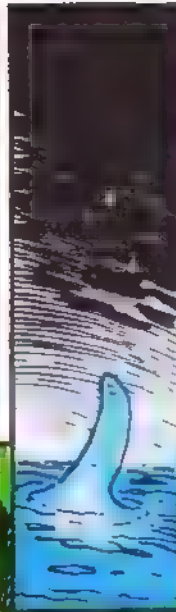
EVEN IN *HIS* CONDITION, THIS WOULD HAVE TO CHANGE COFFEY'S BELIEF  
THAT WE WERE BEING "INCURRED UPON" BY RUSSIAN SUBMERSIBLES



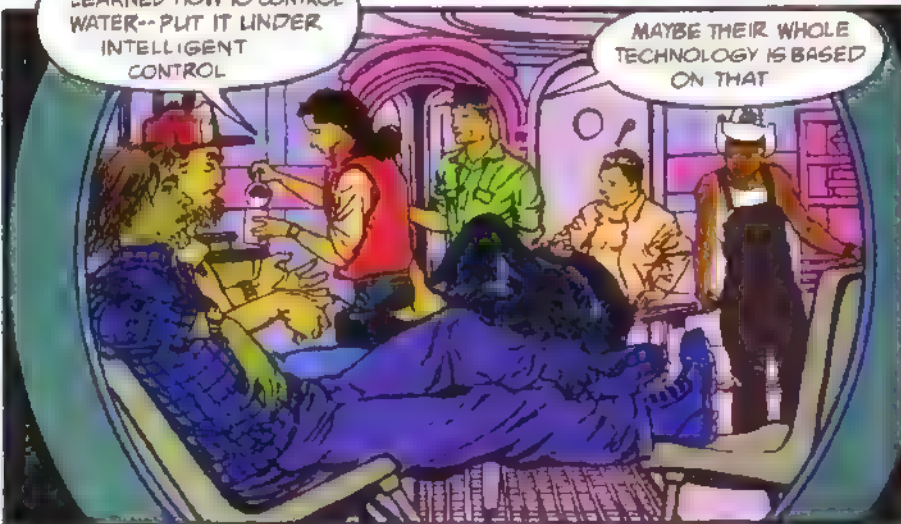


WHAT I HADN'T FIGURED ON WAS  
WHAT OTHER THOUGHTS THE INCIDENT  
MIGHT TRIGGER IN COFFEY'S MESSED-  
UP BRAIN

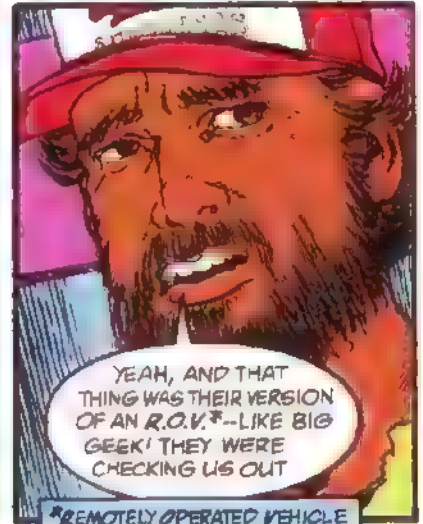
**SLAM!**



THEY MUST'VE  
LEARNED HOW TO CONTROL  
WATER-- PUT IT UNDER  
INTELLIGENT  
CONTROL

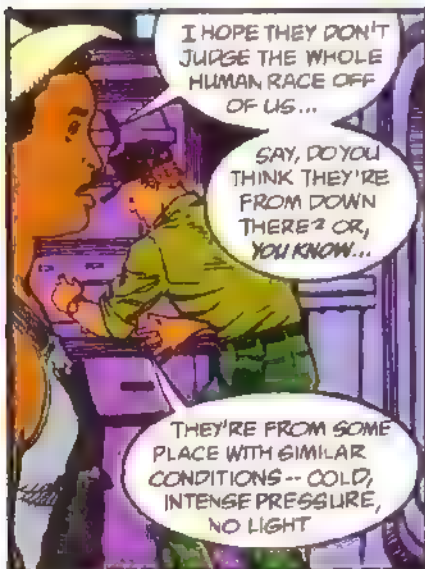


MAYBE THEIR WHOLE  
TECHNOLOGY IS BASED  
ON THAT



YEAH, AND THAT  
THING WAS THEIR VERSION  
OF AN R.O.V.\*--LIKE BIG  
GEEK! THEY WERE  
CHECKING US OUT

\*REMOTELY OPERATED VEHICLE



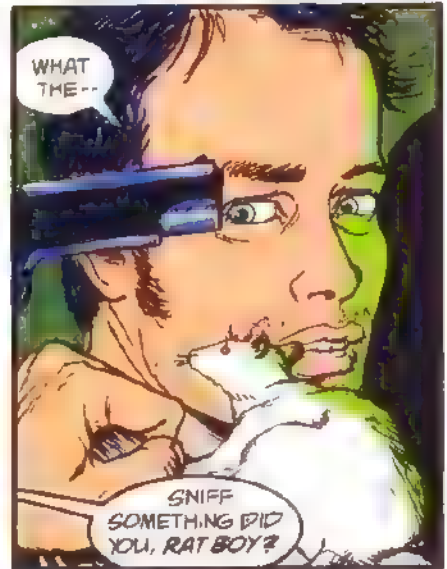
I HOPE THEY DON'T  
JUDGE THE WHOLE  
HUMAN RACE OFF  
OF US...

SAY, DO YOU  
THINK THEY'RE  
FROM DOWN  
THERE? OR,  
YOU KNOW...

THEY'RE FROM SOME  
PLACE WITH SIMILAR  
CONDITIONS-- COLD,  
INTENSE PRESSURE,  
NO LIGHT



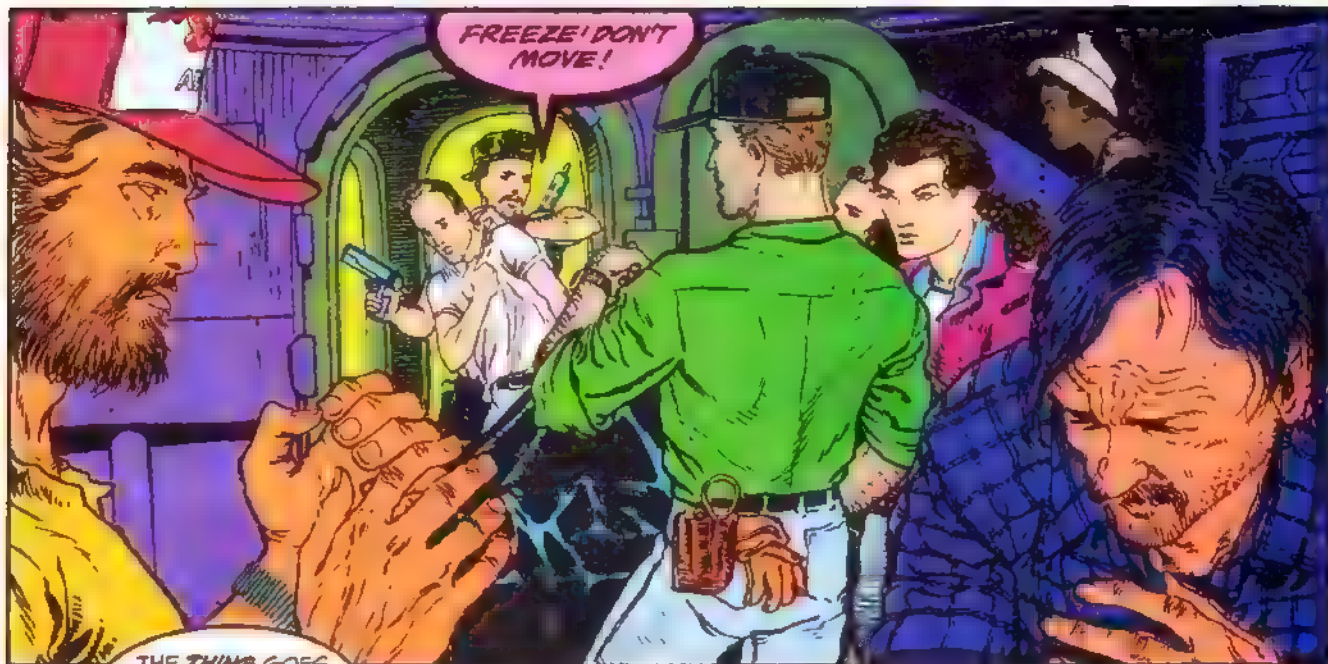
AT THAT MOMENT, HIPPY WAS MAKING  
A DISCOVERY OF HIS OWN IN THE  
SUB BAY...



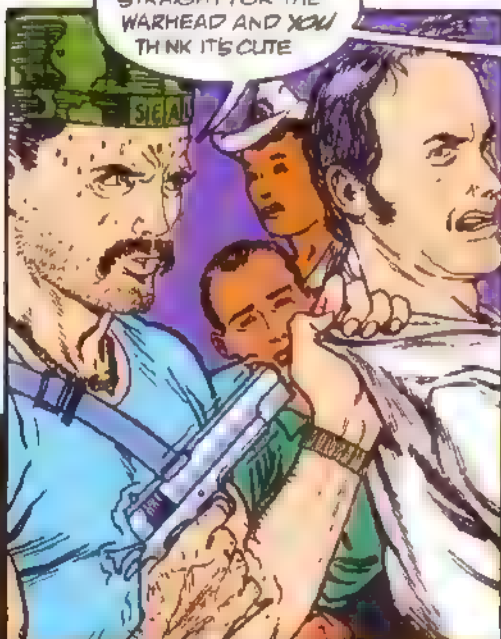
WHAT  
THE--

SMELL  
SOMETHING DID  
YOU, RAT BOY?





THE THING GOES STRAIGHT FOR THE WARHEAD AND YOU THINK IT'S CUTE

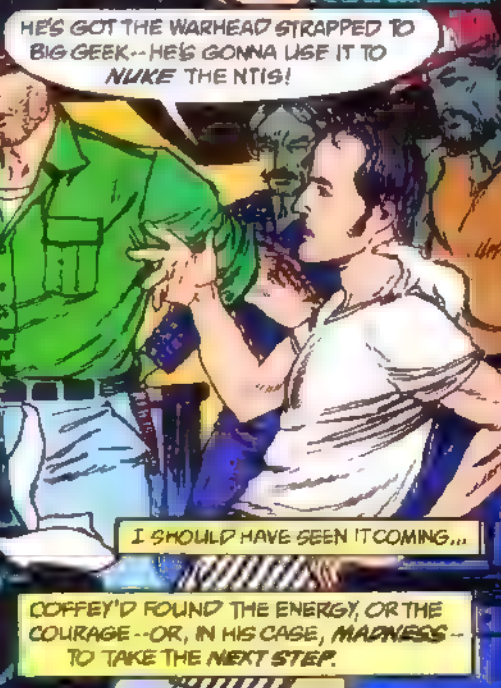


HOLD TH'S, MONK COVER THEM



WE HAVE NO WAY OF WARNING THE SURFACE. WHATEVER HAPPENS IS UP TO US.

WE'RE GOING TO PHASE THREE.



HE'S GOT THE WARHEAD STRAPPED TO BIG GEEK-- HE'S GONNA USE IT TO NUKE THE NTIS!

I SHOULD HAVE SEEN IT COMING...

COFFEY'D FOUND THE ENERGY, OR THE COURAGE--OR, IN HIS CASE, MADNESS-- TO TAKE THE NEXT STEP.

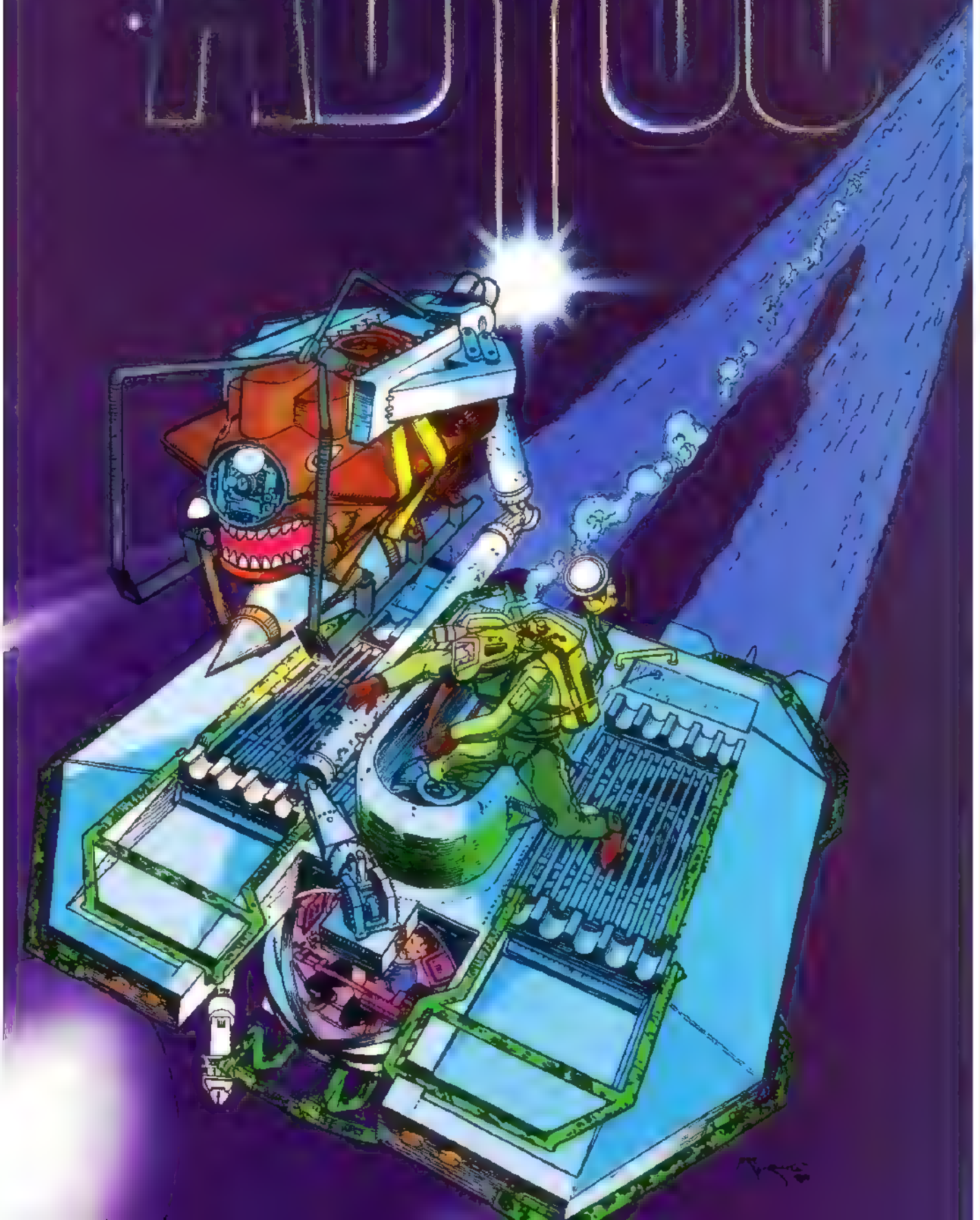
"THE ABYSS" CONCLUDES IN PART TWO, ON SALE IN TWO WEEKS!



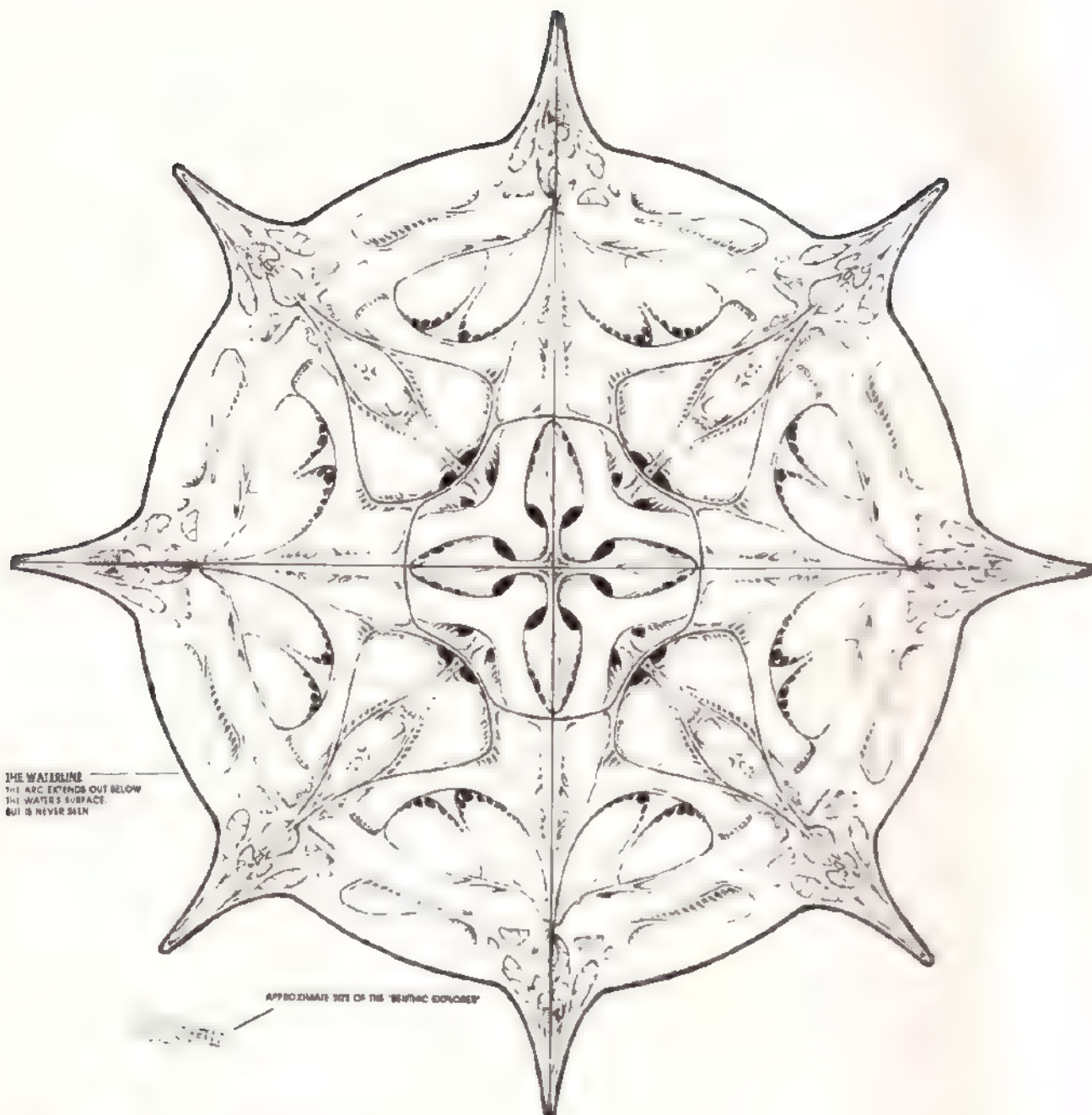


2 (of 2)  
\$9.25 U.S.  
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# THE ABYSS







ABYSS

N.1 DOME ONE QUADRANT (IT'S QUADRILATERALLY SYMMETRICAL)

SCALE 1" = 375' 1" = 4,500'

ELEVATION OF CUTAWAY CENTRAL WELLS

TWENTIETH CENTURY FOX Presents A DARK HORSE COMICS Adaptation of A JAMES CAMERON Film  
 SCREENPLAY BY RANDY STRADLEY ILLUSTRATED BY MICHAEL KALUTA COLORED BY RANDY STRADLEY LETTERED BY TODD KLEIN  
 ADAPTED BY RANDY STRADLEY  
 WITH PRODUCTION DRAWINGS BY MOEBIUS AND STEVE BURG ADDITIONAL TEXT BY VAN LING SPECIAL CONSULTANTS PAMELA NORTH AND ANNE MARIE STEIN  
 PRODUCTION MANAGER CHRIS CHALENOR PRODUCTION JIM BRADRICK DEBBIE BYRD JERRY PROSSER AND JIM SPIVEY  
 PUBLISHER MIKE RICHARDSON EDITOR RANDY STRADLEY OPERATIONS DIRECTOR NEIL HANKERSON  
 SPECIAL THANKS TO JAMES CAMERON HILBERT HAKIM GALE ANNE HURD VAN LING JEAN-MARC LOFFICIER  
 LEE MOYER PAMELA NORTH PHILLIP NORWOOD ANNE MARIE STEIN AND CLIFFORD WERBER  
 SPECIAL ASSISTANTS CHRIS CHALENOR LOUISE KIM JACK POLLOCK AND JIM SPIVEY

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IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN A TIME FOR CELEBRATING. WE'D DISCOVERED--OR BEEN DISCOVERED BY-- SOME UNKNOWN INTELLIGENCE--A NON-TERRESTRIAL INTELLIGENCE, LINDSEY CALLED THEM SOMETHING THAT WAS AS AT HOME IN THE CRUSHING DEPTHS OF THE CAYMAN TROUGH AS WE WERE ON A SUNNY BEACH.

THEY HAD TECHNOLOGY BEYOND ANYTHING WE'D DREAMED OF--APPARENTLY ABLE TO CONTROL WATER AT A MOLECULAR LEVEL. IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN BREAKTHROUGH TIME--A CHANCE FOR MANKIND TO TAKE A GIANT STRIDE FORWARD.

INSTEAD, LIEUTENANT COFFEY WAS GOING TO DROP A FIFTY KILOTON NUKE ON THEIR HEADS



WHAT'RE YOU DOING, COFFEY? WE CAN'T GET TO MINIMUM-SAFE-DISTANCE THE SHOCK-WAVE WILL CRUSH THIS RIG LIKE A GEM! DRIVING OVER A BEER CAN

SHUT UP, MONK!

JUST STAY CALM. THE SITUATION IS UNDER CONTROL.



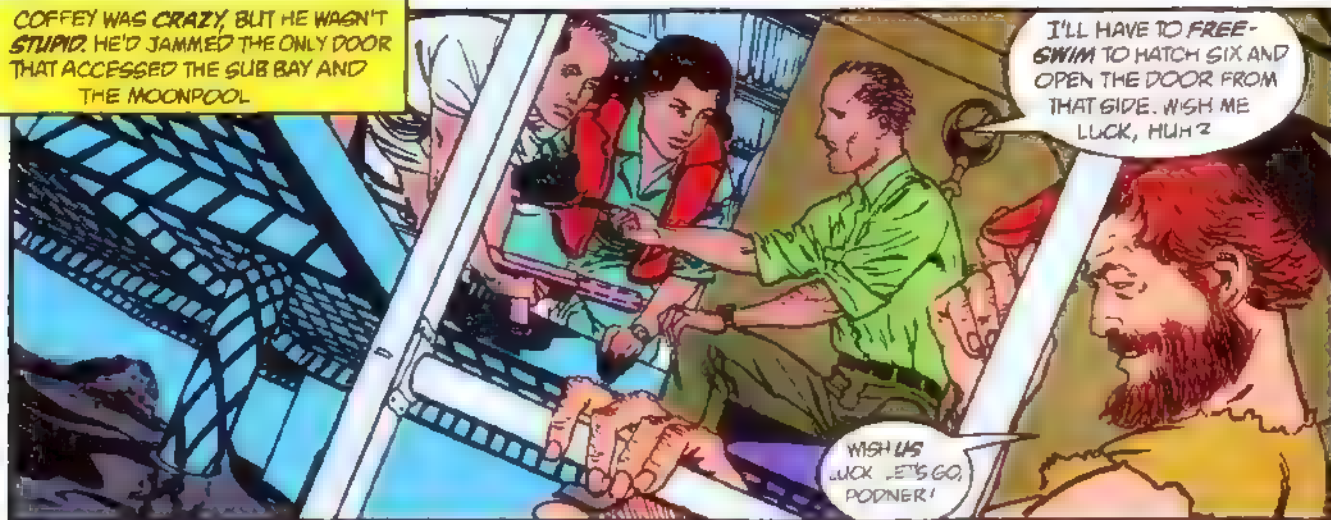
WE'VE GOT TO STOP HIM!



HERE, YOU MIGHT NEED THIS.



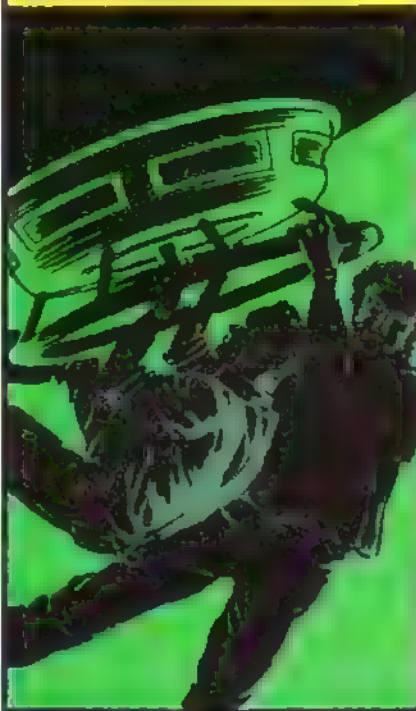
COFFEY WAS CRAZY, BUT HE WASN'T STUPID. HE'D JAMMED THE ONLY DOOR THAT ACCESSED THE SUB BAY AND THE MOONPOOL.



THE WATER AT 2000 FEET IS ABOUT FOUR DEGREES ABOVE FREEZING. IF YOU'RE ABLE TO GET PAST THE INITIAL SHOCK WITHOUT INHALING HALF THE OCEAN, YOUR TROUBLES ARE JUST BEGINNING.



ALMOST INSTANTLY, YOUR JOINTS BEGIN TO STIFFEN, YOUR HEAD ACHES... CONCENTRATION BECOMES AS DIFFICULT AS MOVEMENT. SURVIVAL TIME IS MEASURED IN MINUTES-- AND THAT'S WITH AN ADEQUATE AIR SUPPLY.

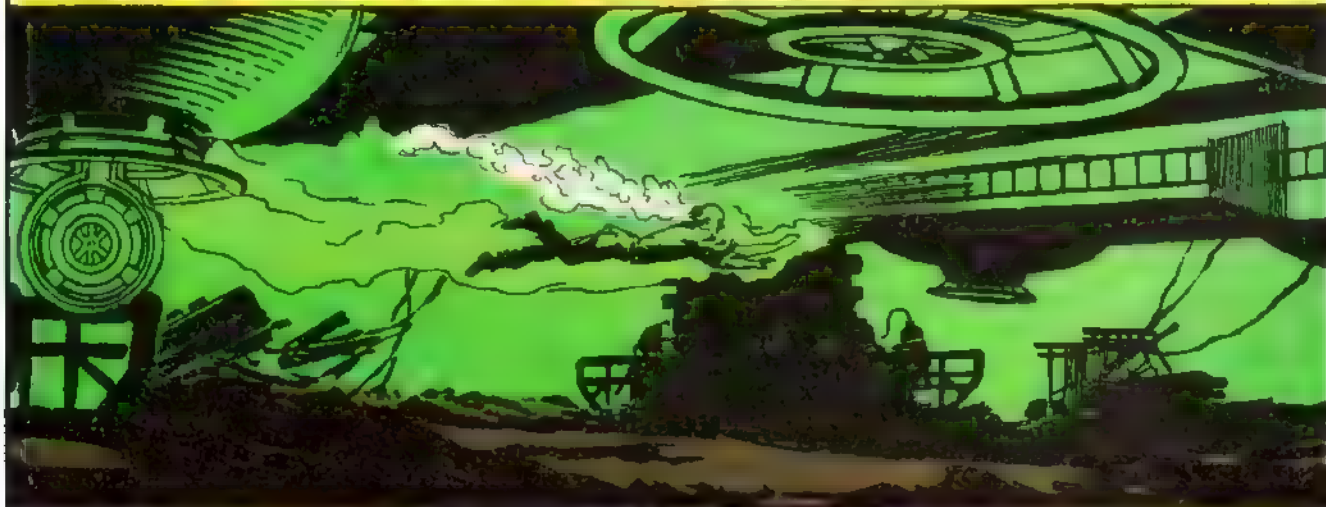


INNER HATCH--  
gasp! STUCK...  
HAFTA... GO ON...  
TO MOONPOOL.

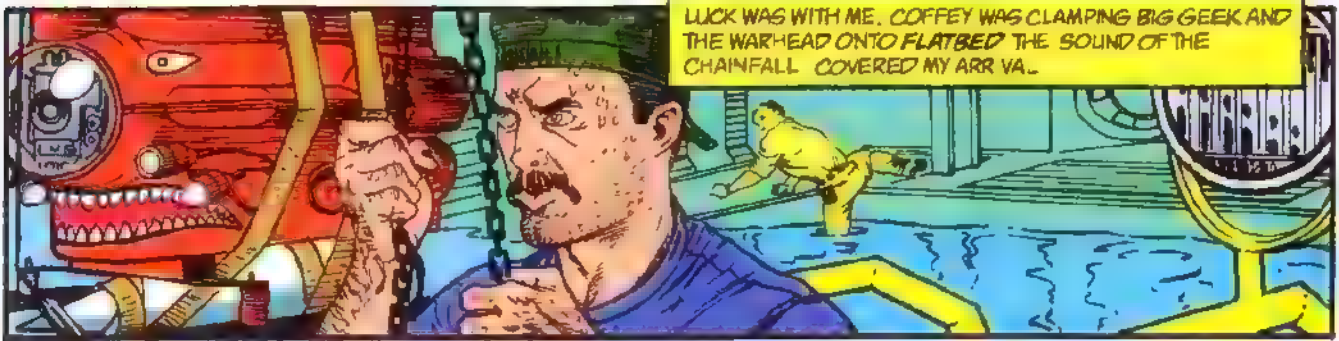
I CAN'T.  
MAKE IT,  
PODNER.



I DIDN'T BLAME CATFISH FOR TURNING BACK-- I WASN'T SURE I COULD MAKE IT MYSELF. BUT I'D ALREADY LOST HALF MY CREW-- I COULDN'T LET COFFEY DOOM THE OTHERS WITHOUT AT LEAST TRYING TO STOP HIM.





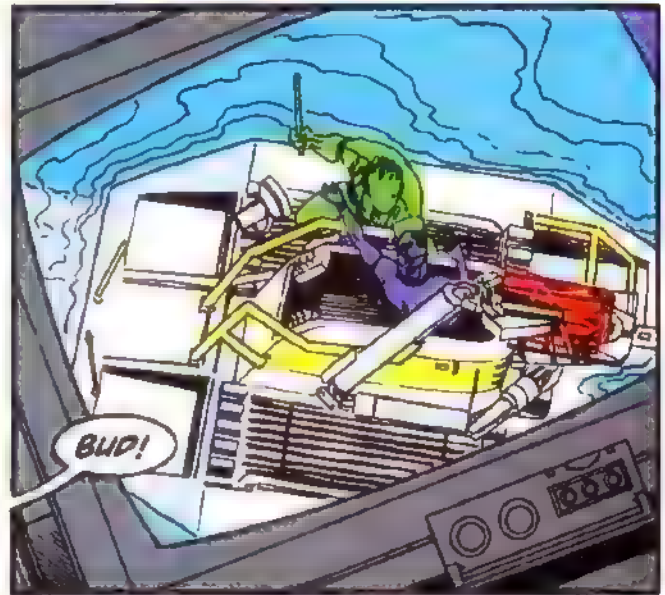


LUCK WAS WITH ME. COFFEY WAS CLAMPING BIG GEEK AND THE WARHEAD ONTO FLATBED THE SOUND OF THE CHAINFALL COVERED MY ARR VA.



BUD'S GONNA TRY TO TAKE COFFEY HIMSELF!

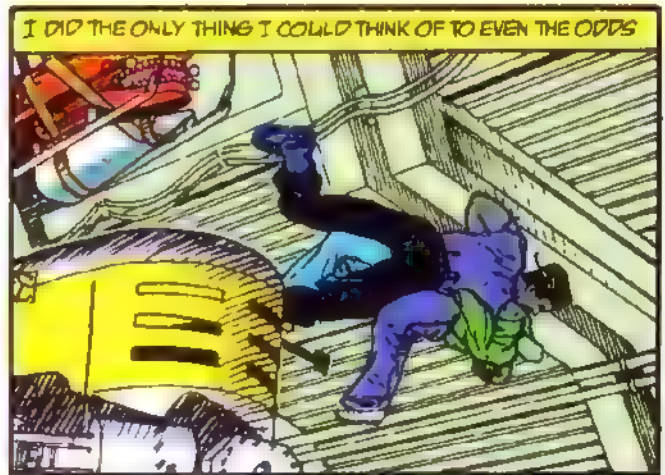
COFFEY'S A TRAINED KILLER! EVEN BUD'S NOT THAT DUMB



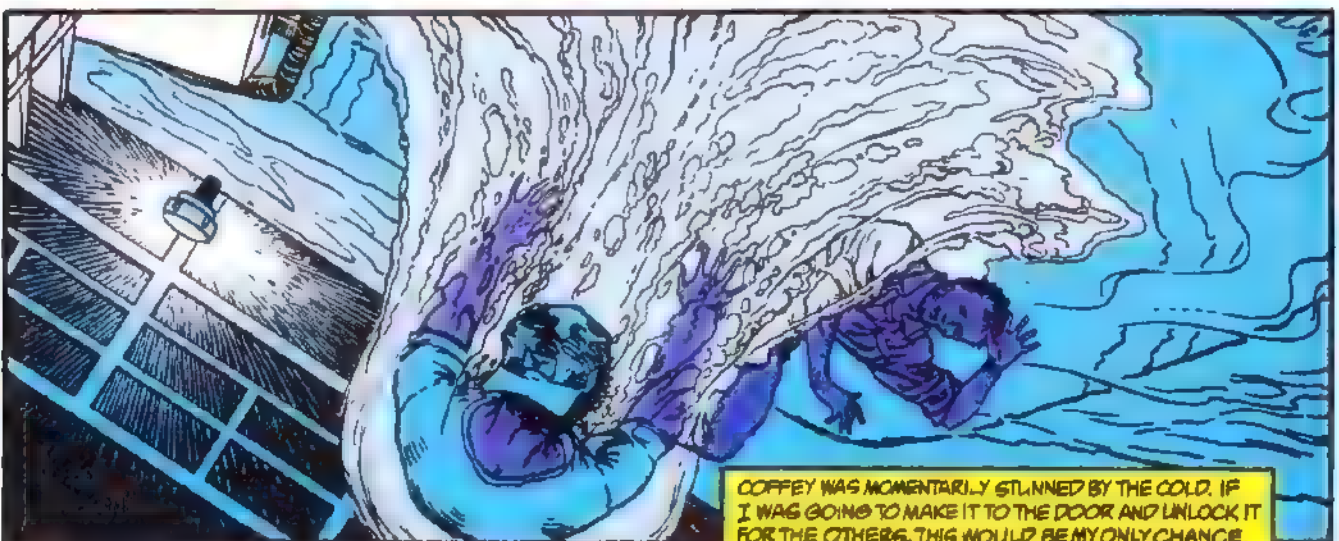
BUD!



WRESTLING WITH COFFEY WAS LIKE GOING ONE ON-ONE WITH A LION. THE FACT THAT I WAS ALREADY NUMB WITH COLD D'DN'T HELP



I DID THE ONLY THING I COULD THINK OF TO EVEN THE ODDS



COFFEY WAS MOMENTARILY STUNNED BY THE COLD. IF I WAS GOING TO MAKE IT TO THE DOOR AND UNLOCK IT FOR THE OTHERS, THIS WOULD BE MY ONLY CHANCE.



IF COFFEY TOOK AS LONG TO RECOVER AS A NORMAL MAN, I'D HAVE HAD ALL THE TIME I NEEDED ANOTHER TWO SECONDS AND I'D HAVE THE DOOR OPEN



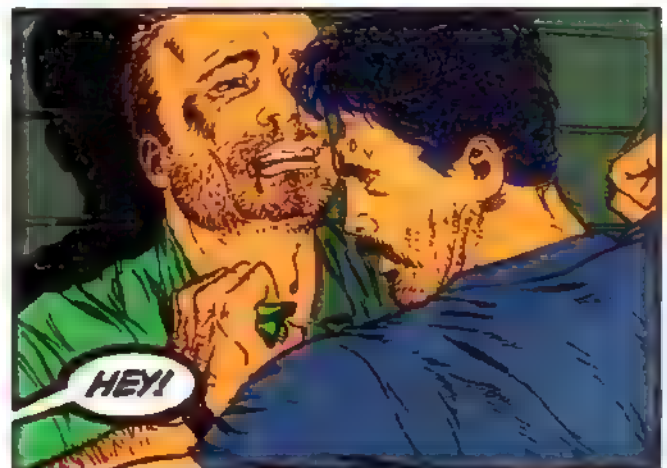
INSTEAD HE WAS ON ME BEFORE I'D COVERED HALF THE DISTANCE IT LOOKED LIKE IN ANOTHER TWO SECONDS I'D BE DEAD.



I TOOK THE LIBERTY OF REMOVING THE CLIP BEFORE I GAVE COFFEY HIS PISTOL.

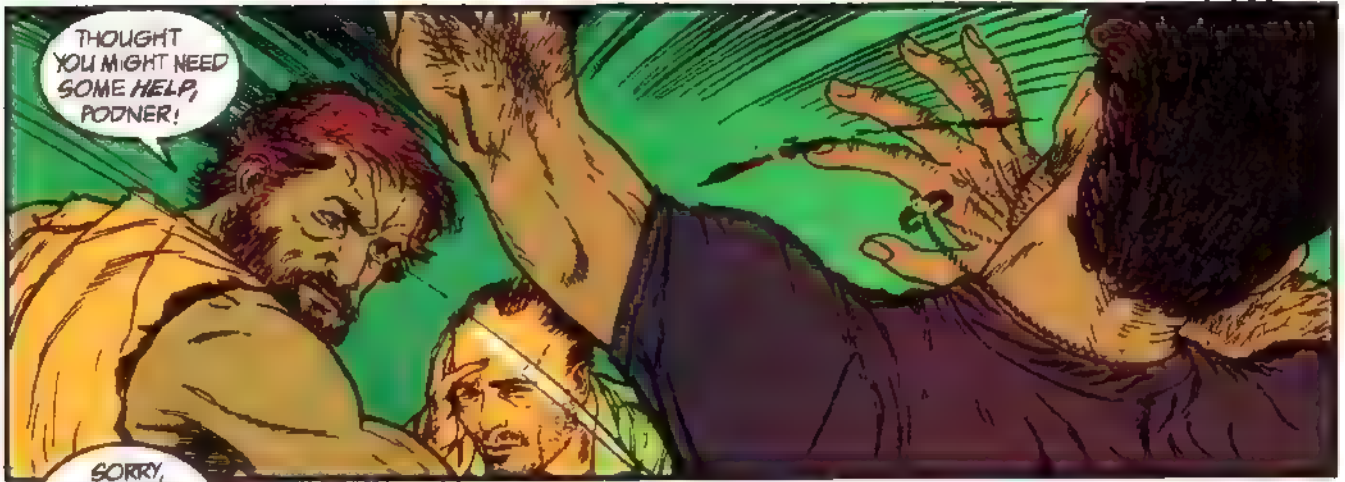


GUN OR NO, COFFEY WAS MOPPING THE FLOOR WITH ME, AND THERE WAS NOTHING I COULD DO TO STOP HIM.

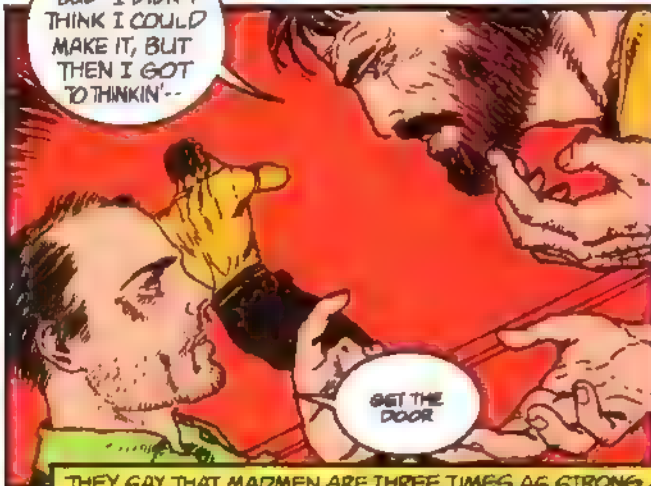


HEY!



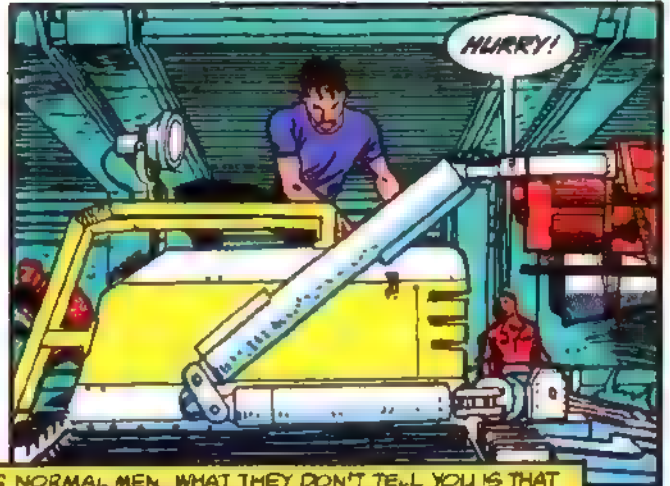


THOUGHT YOU MIGHT NEED SOME HELP, PODNER!



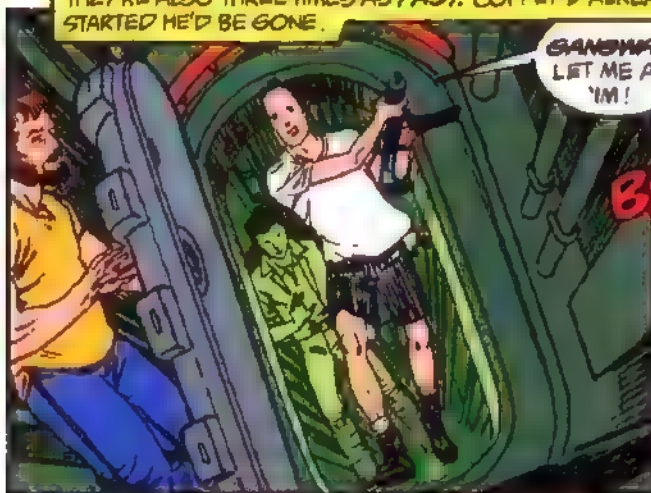
SORRY, BUD I DIDN'T THINK I COULD MAKE IT, BUT THEN I GOT TO THINKIN'...

GET THE DOOR

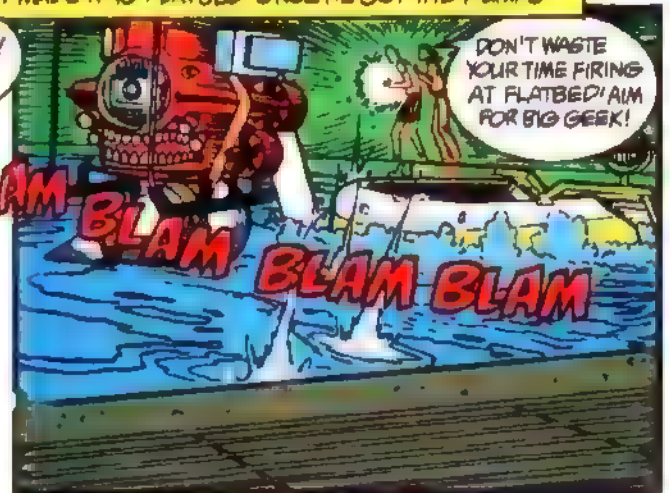


HURRY!

THEY SAY THAT MADMEN ARE THREE TIMES AS STRONG AS NORMAL MEN. WHAT THEY DON'T TELL YOU IS THAT THEY'RE ALSO THREE TIMES AS FAST. COFFEY'D ALREADY MADE IT TO FLATBED ONCE HE GOT THE PUMPS STARTED HE'D BE GONE.



SANDWICH! LET ME AT 'IM!



DON'T WASTE YOUR TIME FIRING AT FLATBED! AIM FOR BIG GEEK!

BLAM BLAM BLAM

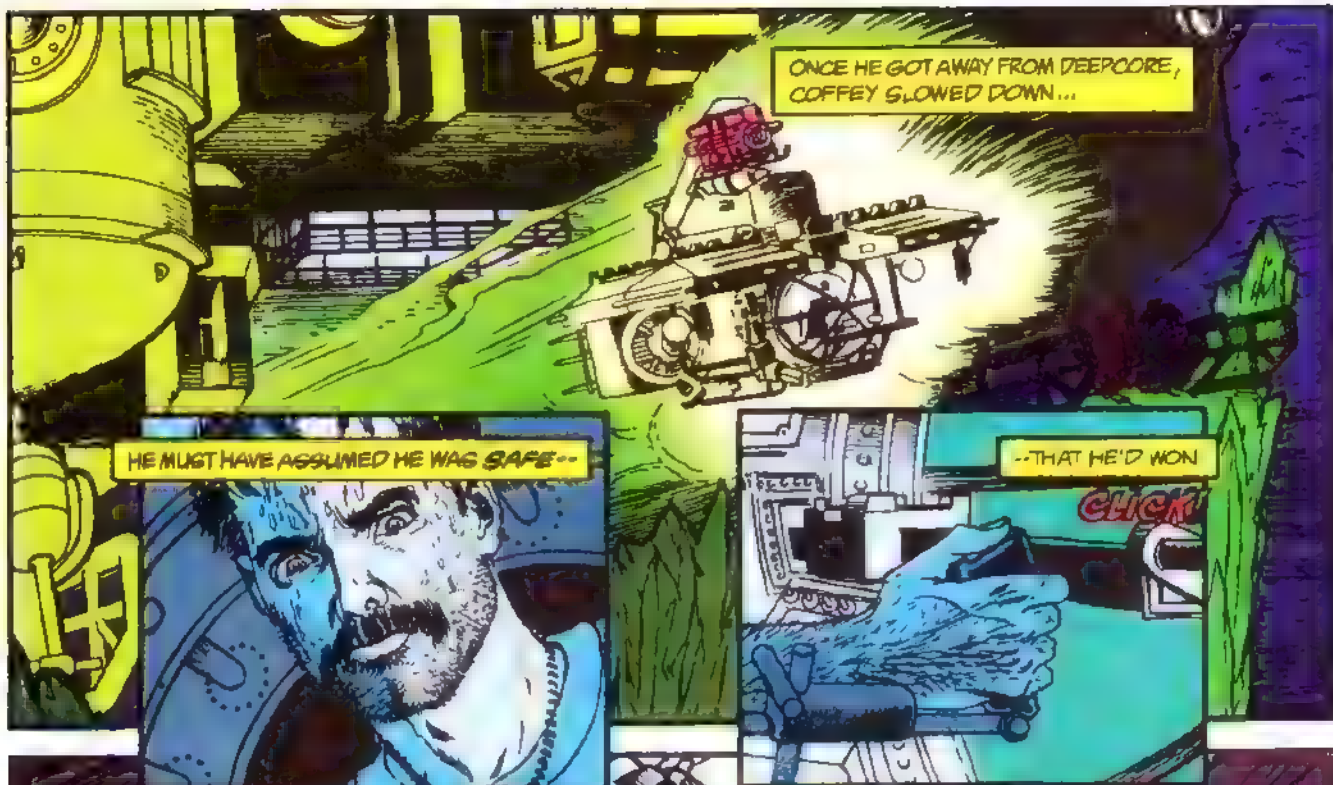


THWIP! THWIP! THWIP!



FORGET THAT! HELP ME SUIT UP! I'M GOING AFTER HIM!

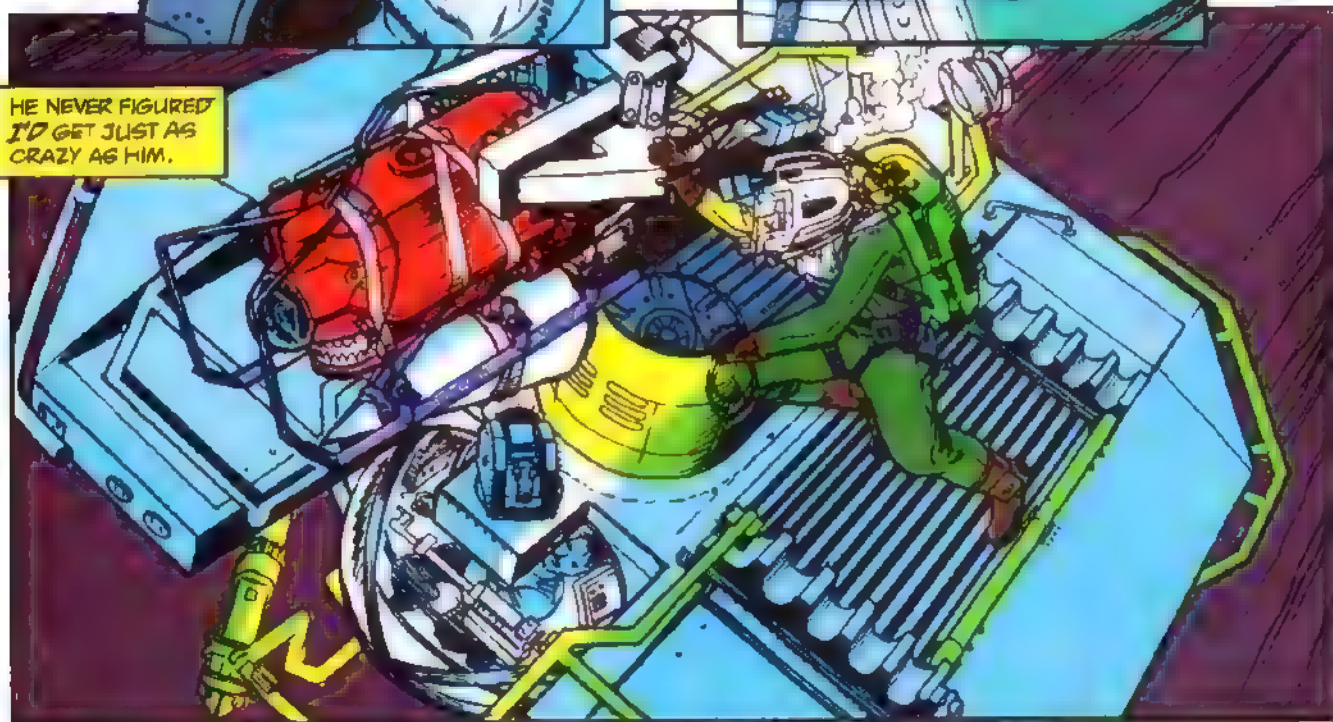




ONCE HE GOT AWAY FROM DEEPCORE,  
COFFEY SLOWED DOWN...

HE MUST HAVE ASSUMED HE WAS SAFE--

--THAT HE'D WON



HE NEVER FIGURED  
I'D GET JUST AS  
CRAZY AS HIM.



I WAS PLAYING A LONG SHOT I HAD TO HOPE I COULD  
FIND A T-E-DOWN FOR MY END OF THE ROPE BEFORE  
COFFEY STARTED BIG GEEK



BEE-DEEP

-BECAUSE ONCE BIG GEEK STARTED MOVING, IT'D BE  
LIKE TRYING TO HOLD BACK A WILD ANIMAL

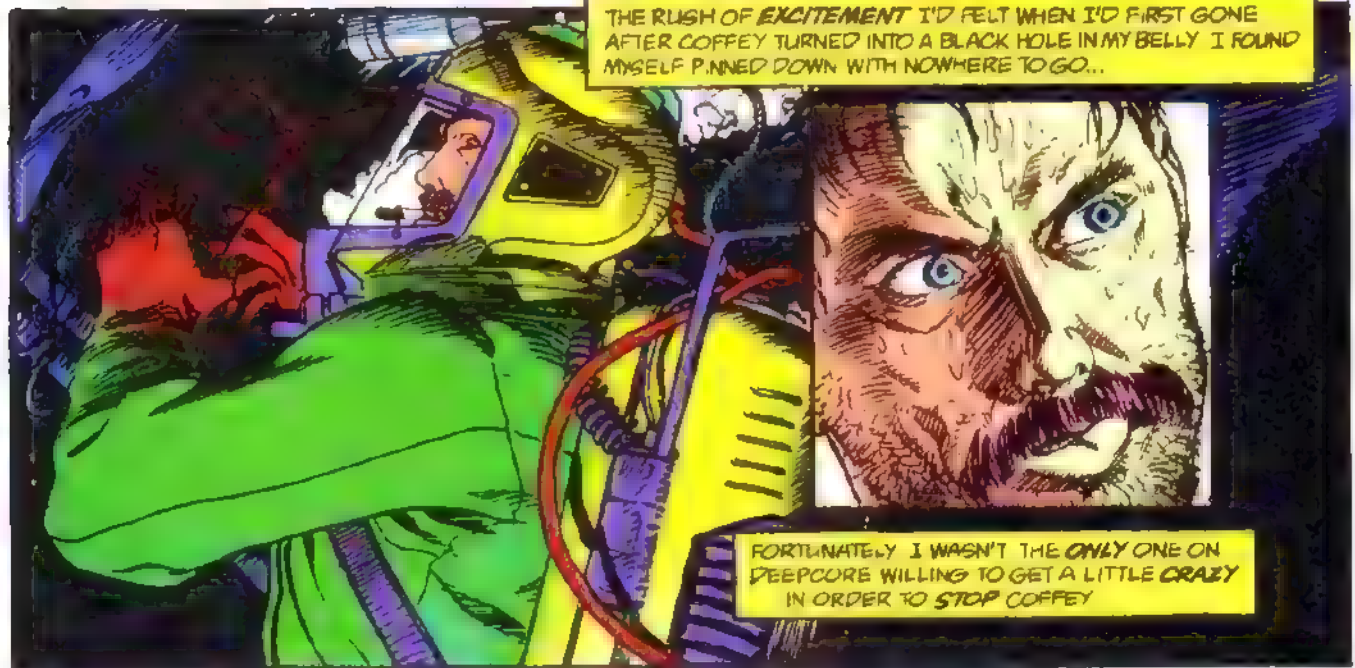




I TRIED TO CONCENTRATE ON TYING THE KNOT, BUT MY FINGERS FELT LIKE BANANAS AND THE ROPE SEEMED TO MOVE WITH A LIFE OF ITS OWN



TO MAKE THINGS WORSE, COFFEY WASN'T GOING TO TAKE THE SITUATION SITTING STILL



THE RUSH OF *EXCITEMENT* I'D FELT WHEN I'D FIRST GONE AFTER COFFEY TURNED INTO A BLACK HOLE IN MY BELLY I FOUND MYSELF PINNED DOWN WITH NOWHERE TO GO...

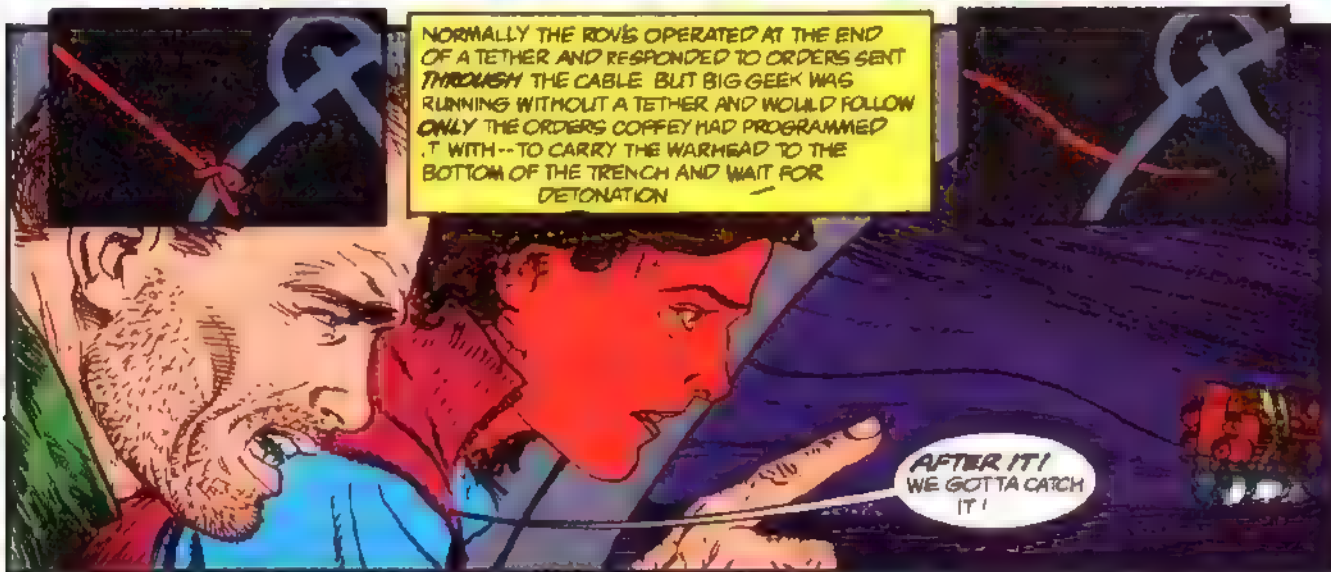
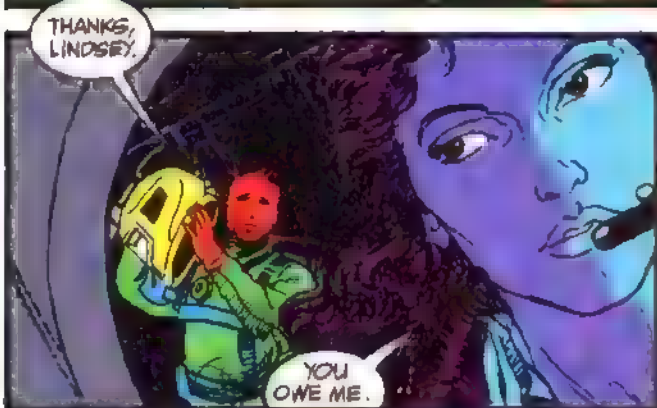
FORTUNATELY I WASN'T THE *ONLY* ONE ON DEEPCORE WILLING TO GET A LITTLE CRAZY IN ORDER TO STOP COFFEY



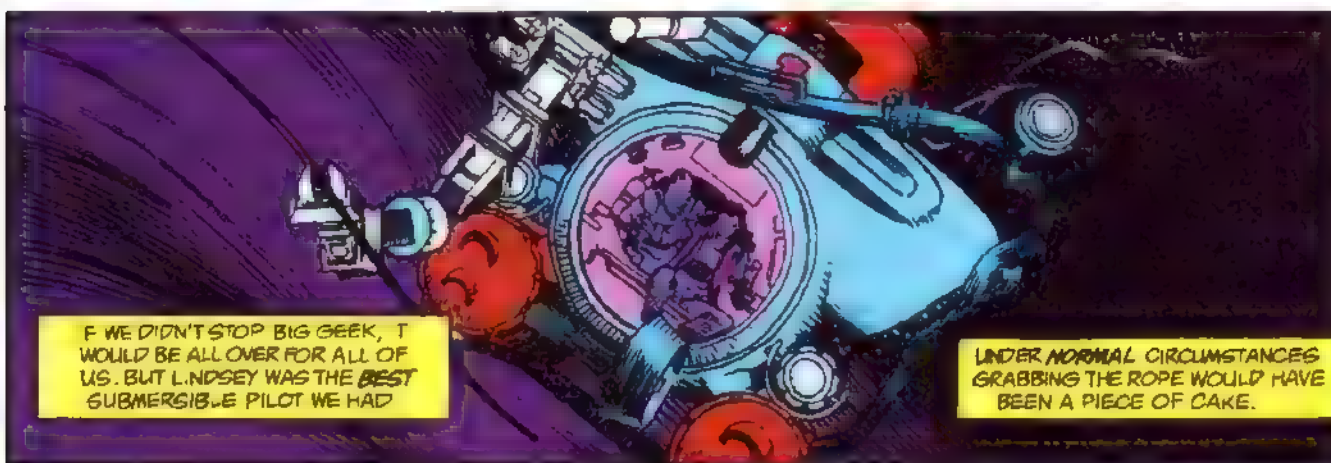




I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN  
IT WAS LINDSEY



NORMALLY THE ROVS OPERATED AT THE END OF A TETHER AND RESPONDED TO ORDERS SENT THROUGH THE CABLE BUT BIG GEEK WAS RUNNING WITHOUT A TETHER AND WOULD FOLLOW ONLY THE ORDERS COFFEY HAD PROGRAMMED IT WITH-- TO CARRY THE WARHEAD TO THE BOTTOM OF THE TRENCH AND WAIT FOR DETONATION



IF WE DIDN'T STOP BIG GEEK, IT WOULD BE ALL OVER FOR ALL OF US. BUT LINDSEY WAS THE BEST SUBMERSIBLE PILOT WE HAD

UNDER NORMAL CIRCUMSTANCES GRABBING THE ROPE WOULD HAVE BEEN A PIECE OF CAKE.



ONLY THIS WASN'T "NORMAL CIRCUMSTANCES."

DAMN COFFEY!  
HANG ON-- WE'RE  
GOING TO FULL  
THROTTLE!

COFFEY'D ALREADY WON. THERE WAS  
NO WAY WE COULD'VE STOPPED BIG  
GEEK. THE FIGHT SHOULD HAVE BEEN  
OVER.

BUT COFFEY WOULDN'T STOP. HE  
WAS OUT FOR BLOOD. HE WASN'T  
GOING TO BE SATISFIED WITH  
ANYTHING SHORT OF OUR DEATHS

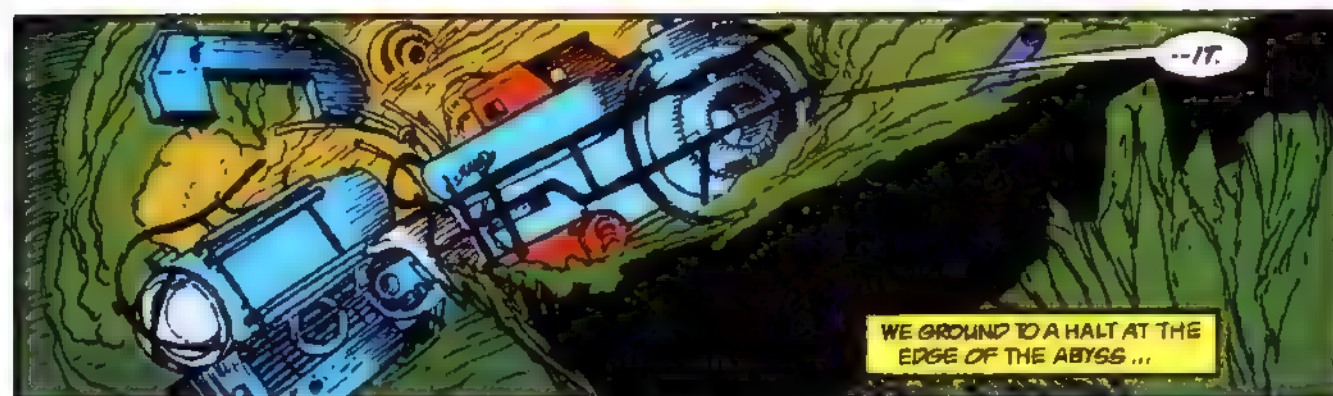
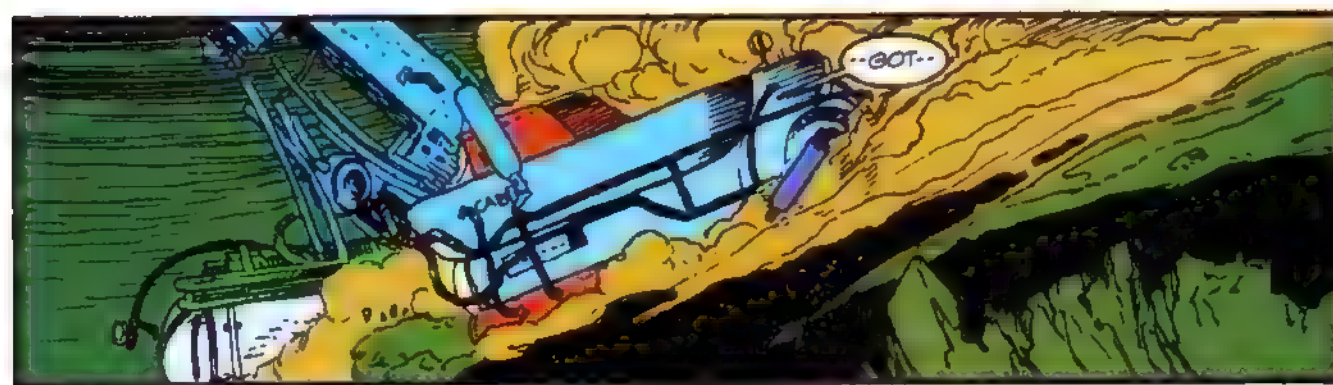
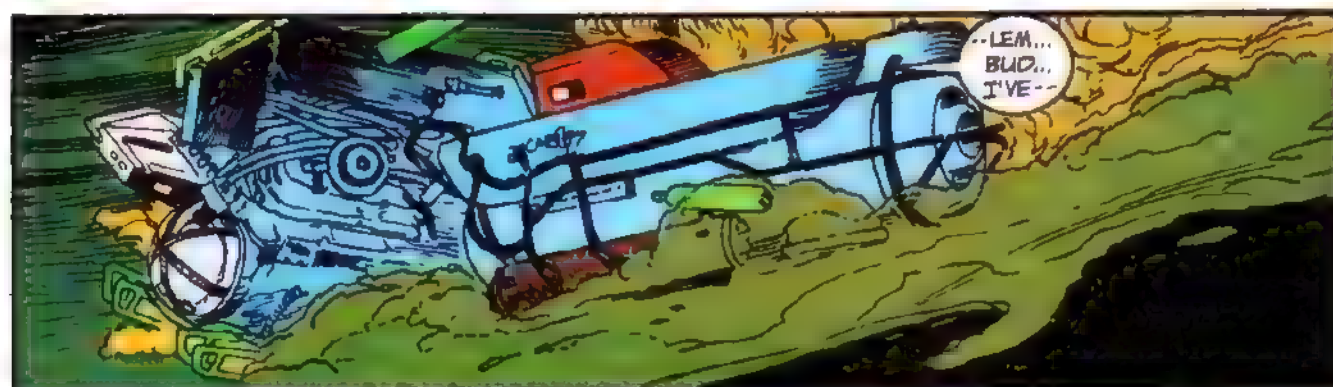
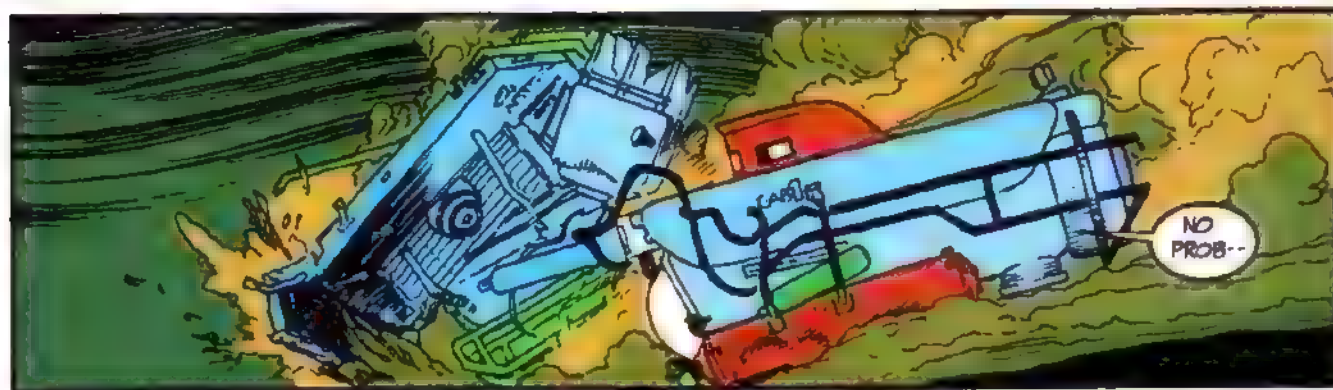
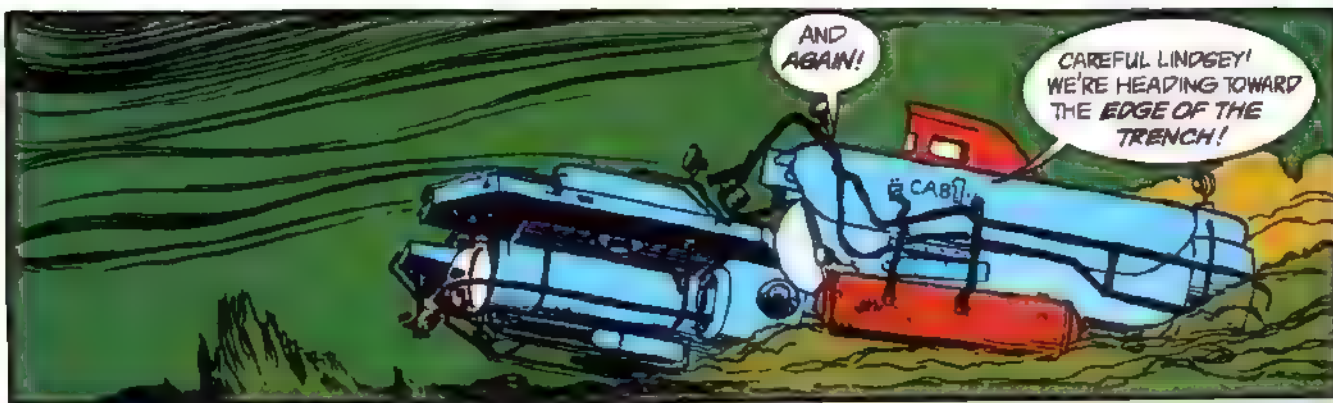
BUT HE WAS ALSO PISSING LINDSEY OFF

ALL  
RIGHT  
FINE.

AND THAT WAS HIS MISTAKE

LET'S SEE  
HOW YOU LIKE  
THIS.







COFFEY KEPT RIGHT ON GOING--  
OUT OF CONTROL

HIS DEATH COULDN'T HAVE  
BEEN A PEACEFUL ONE.

THE END, WHEN IT FINALLY CAME, WAS PROBABLY QUICK. BUT THERE HAD TO HAVE BEEN A LONG MOMENT OF ANTICIPATION...  
LISTENING TO THE HULL **GROAN** AS THE PRESSURE INTENSIFIED OUTSIDE... LISTENING AS RIVETS **POPPED** AND SUPPORTS  
**WHINED** UNDER THE LOAD...

WATCHING AS THE FRONT BUBBLE PORT BEGAN TO **CRACK**... WAITING FOR THE MOMENT WHEN IT WOULD GIVE WAY AND THE ICY  
WATER OUTSIDE WOULD RUSH IN AND **CRUSH** HIS BODY TO A PULP...

WOULD IT BE THIS SECOND?

...OR WOULD IT BE THE NEXT?

NO, IT COULDN'T HAVE BEEN A **PEACEFUL**  
DEATH.

I DIDN'T REALIZE IT, BUT I WAS  
ABOUT TO FIND OUT THAT NO  
DEATH IS A **PEACEFUL** ONE

DEEPOORE, THIS IS  
ONE WE NEED  
ASSISTANCE...

NOTHING.

WE  
TOTALLED  
IT, huh?

HIPPY AND  
THE OTHERS WILL  
COME OUT AFTER  
US

YEAH, BUT ITS  
GONNA TAKE THEM A  
WHILE TO FIND US.  
WE'D BETTER GET  
THIS FLOODING  
STOPPED.





MOST OF IT'S COMING FROM *BEHIND* THIS PANEL. HOLD THIS-- I'LL SEE IF I CAN--



NOTHING. SON OF A BITCH. IF I JUST HAD A CRESCENT WRENCH...

SON OF A BITCH!



Okay.. WE GOTTA GET *OUT* OF HERE.

HOW? WE'VE ONLY GOT *ONE* SUIT.

WELL, WE'D BETTER COME UP WITH *SOMETHING*!

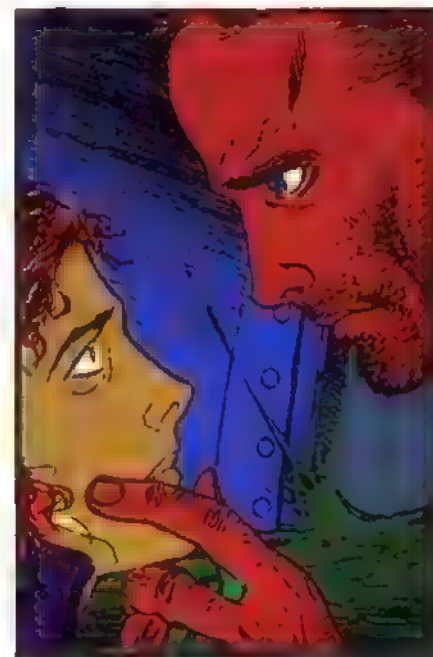


OKAY, LOOK-- YOU SWIM TO THE RIG AND COME BACK WITH ANOTHER SUIT...



SEVEN, EIGHT MINUTE TRIP EACH WAY... LOOK AT *THIS*...

BY THE TIME I GET *BACK* YOU'LL BE --



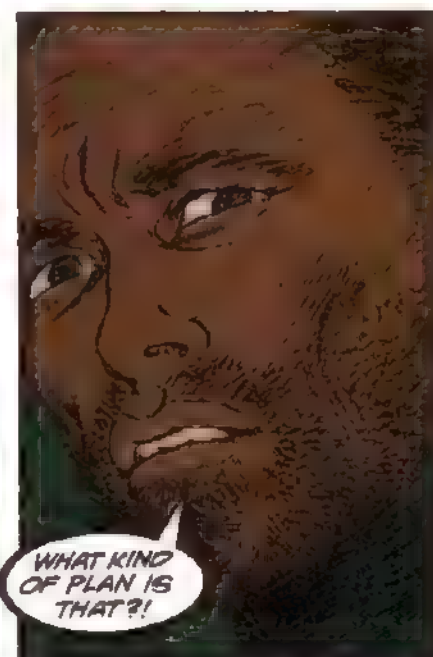
ALL RIGHT, PUT THIS ON

WHAT, YOU GROW GILLS ALL OF A SUDDEN? KEEP THE SUIT ON. THAT'S *NOT* AN OPTION. LISTEN.



*LISTEN* TO ME FOR A SECOND! YOU'VE GOT THE SUIT ON, AND YOU'RE A BETTER SWIMMER THAN *ME*. RIGHT? SO I'VE GOT A PLAN --

-- I DROWN, AND YOU TOW ME BACK TO THE RIG --



WHAT KIND OF PLAN IS THAT?!



THIS IS  
INSANE.

BUT, AS ALWAYS, LINDSEY WAS RIGHT. IT WAS A TEXTBOOK SITUATION. THE WATER WAS NEAR FREEZING. EVEN AS SHE DROWNED, LINDSEY'S TEMPERATURE WOULD DROP. HER BODY WOULD GO INTO DEEP HYPOTHERMIA--PROTECT HER FROM BRAIN DAMAGE DUE TO OXYGEN STARVATION. IF SHE COULD BE REVIVED WITHIN TEN OR FIFTEEN MINUTES SHE'D HAVE A GOOD CHANCE OF COMING OUT OF IT ALL RIGHT

THERE WERE SIMILAR CASES ON RECORD--PEOPLE WHO'D FALLEN THROUGH ICE-COVERED LAKES, THAT SORT OF THING, AND WE HAD THE NECESSARY EQUIPMENT TO REVIVE HER ON THE RIG--BUT TO RISK IT INTENTIONALLY...

OH, GOD...  
LIND...

TELL ME  
LATER.

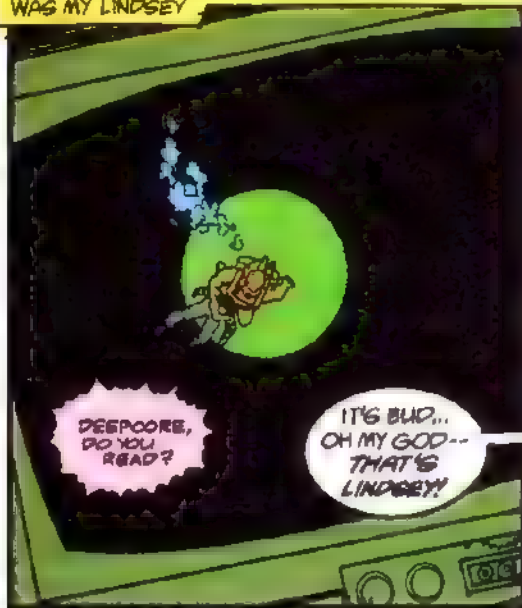
THIS IS MAYBE  
NOT SUCH A GREAT  
PLAN, IS IT? HOLD  
ME, BLVD...

WITH MY HELMET LOOKED DOWN, I COULDN'T HEAR WHAT SHE WAS SAYING. I DIDN'T NEED TO. SHE WAS SCARED. I WAS RIGHT THERE WITH HER, BUT WHAT SHE WAS ABOUT TO GO THROUGH SHE WOULD GO THROUGH ALONE.





THE TRIP BACK TO DEEPCORE WAS THE LONGEST, LONELIEST SEVEN MINUTES OF MY LIFE. I WAS TERRIFIED... ANXIOUS... ANGRY. I WANTED TO LASH OUT... I WANTED MY FINGERS AROUND COFFEY'S THROAT... ONLY COFFEY WAS ALREADY DEAD... AND SO WAS MY LINDSEY



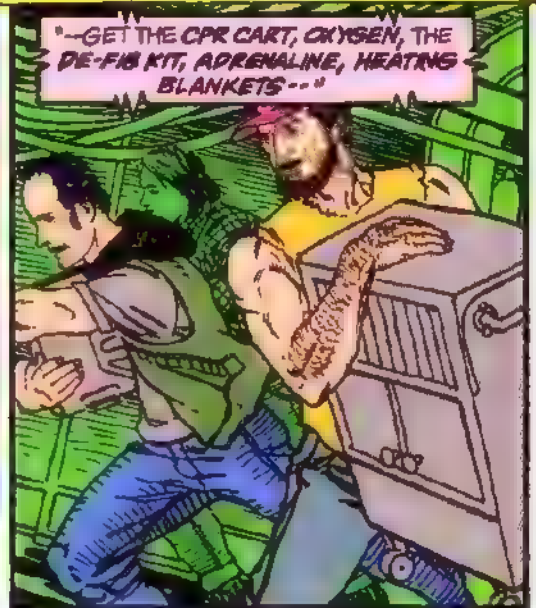
DEEPCORE,  
DO YOU  
READ?

IT'S BUD...  
OH MY GOD--  
THAT'S  
LINDSEY!



READ YOU,  
BUD. WE'RE  
HERE.

GO TO THE  
INFIRMARY--



"--GET THE CPR CART, OXYGEN, THE  
DE-FIB KIT, ADRENALINE, HEATING  
BLANKETS--"



"--MEET ME AT THE MOONPOOL. MOVE FAST."

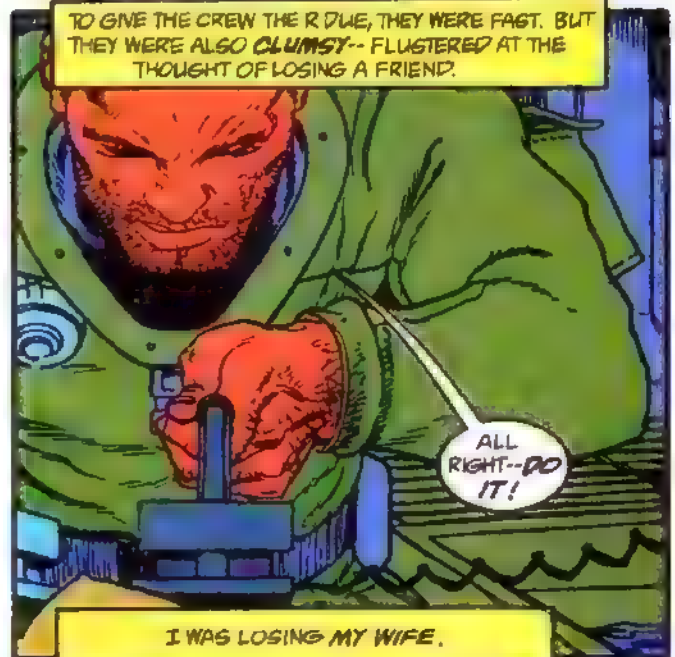
HERE HE  
COMES!



COME ON, HURRY!  
GIMME THE DE-FIB  
PADDLES!

YOU  
GOT TO HAVE  
BARE SKIN,  
OR IT WON'T--

ARKANSAS

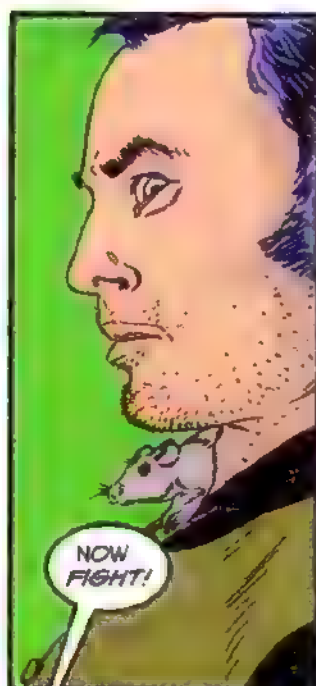


TO GIVE THE CREW THE R DUE, THEY WERE FAST. BUT  
THEY WERE ALSO CLUMSY-- FLUSTERED AT THE  
THOUGHT OF LOSING A FRIEND.

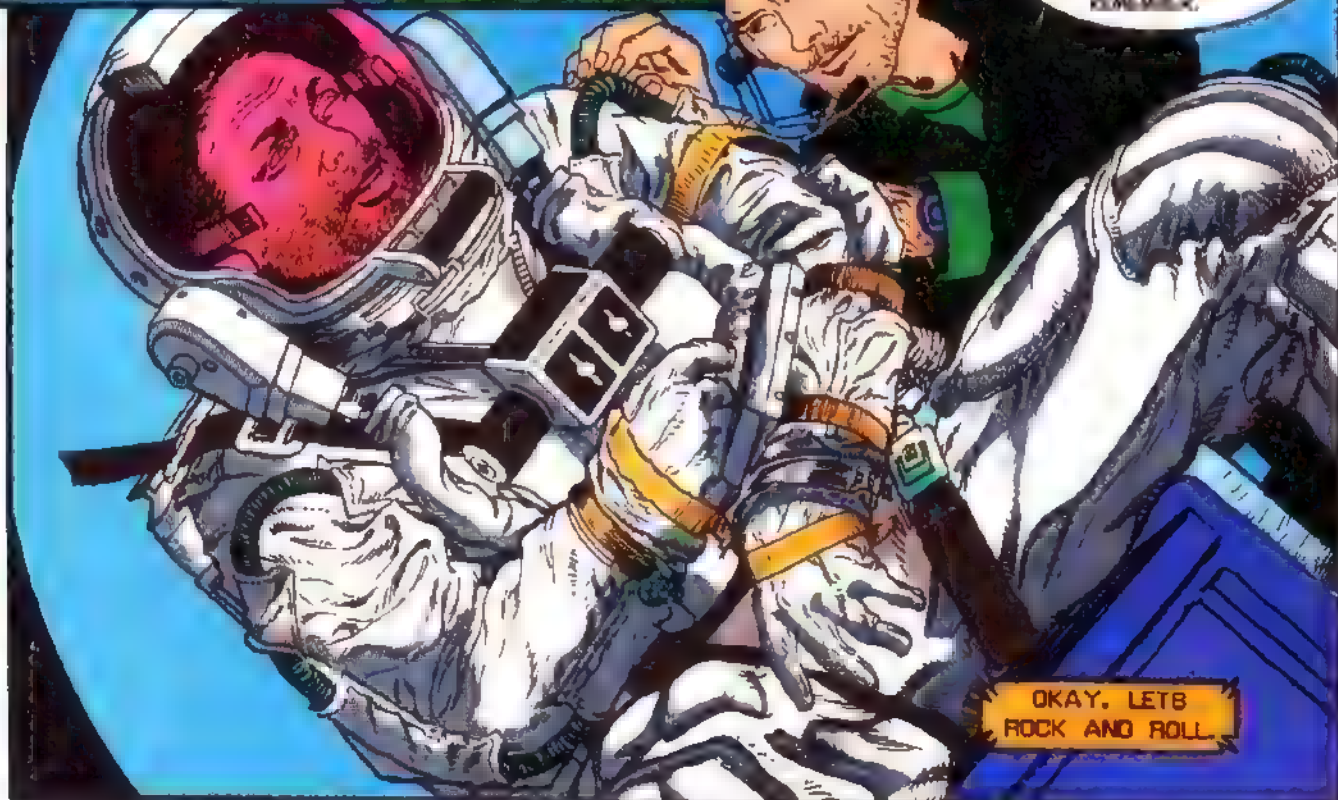
ALL  
RIGHT--DO  
IT!

I WAS LOSING MY WIFE.











BREATHING THE FLUID, WITH NO AIR IN MY LUNGS, I COULD CONCEIVABLY GO AS DEEP AS I HAD TO WITH NO COMPRESSION PROBLEMS

ALL I HAD TO DO WAS HANG ON TO LITTLE GEEK AND LET ITS PROGRAMMED COURSE CARRY ME TO BIG GEEK AND THE WARHEAD. IN THEORY, I WAS JUST ALONG FOR THE RIDE ..

BUD,  
ACCORDING  
TO MONK HERE,  
YOU'VE JUST SET  
A NEW RECORD  
FOR THE  
DEEPEST--

-- BEER  
THAT B KIE  
TRIP? WE RODE  
THE HONDA UP  
THROUGH  
OREGO--

-- THE  
MOST FREE  
I'VE EVER  
FELT IM--

BUT, THE DESCENT BECAME A REGRESSION .. THE COLD NUMBING ME TO A NERVE-DEAD FALSE WARMTH... THE MILES OF OCEAN ABOVE ME CRUSHING EVERY CONSCIOUS THOUGHT INTO A SENSELESS JUMBLE -- LIKE A TODDLER'S FIRST ATTEMPTS AT SPEECH ..

...A WAKING RETURN  
TO THE WOMB...

LITTLE GEEK GONE

THOUGH LINDSEY'S WORDS -- LIKE RANDOM SNATCHES OF DREAM CONVERSATION -- MADE LITTLE SENSE TO ME, THEY WERE A LINK TO THE MEMORY OF WARMTH AND AIR...

--YOU'RE  
NOT ALONE,  
BUD--

...AND LIGHT

--THEN  
YOU LIT  
ANOTHER  
CANDLE--

--AND  
PUT IT  
BEHIDE  
MINE--

--SO  
THERE WERE  
TWO CANDLES  
IN THE  
DARK--

--I'M  
WITH YOU...  
I'LL ALWAYS  
BE WITH  
YOU--

--EIGHTEEN  
THOUSAND  
FEET--

HOW  
YOU DOIN',  
RODNEY?

WHAT  
KIND OF  
LIGHT?

HE'S  
HALLUCI-  
NATING  
BADLY.

SOM LITE BELOW

LIGHT EVERYWHERE.  
BEAUTIFULL

SUDDENLY, AS IF A SWITCH HAD BEEN THROWN, MY THOUGHTS CLEARED. BLOWN INCANDESCENT ALGAE DISPELLED THE DARKNESS... DAWN AFTER A STORMY NIGHT .. AT A DEPTH WHERE THE PRESSURE AND COLD SHOULD HAVE SNUFFED OUT ALL LIGHT AND ALL LIFE, BOTH WERE IN ABUNDANCE.



AND DEATH WAS THERE AS WELL

AT GEEK

OKAY,  
BUD, WE  
WENT OVER THIS  
TAKE THE COVER  
PLATE OFF THE  
FIRING BOX

ALL RIGHT BUD,  
YOU HAVE TO CUT THE  
GROUND WIRE, NOT  
THE LEAD WIRE--

UNBREWED

-- IT'S THE  
BLUE WIRE  
WITH THE  
WHITE  
STRIPE--

--NOT, I  
REPEAT, NOT  
THE BLACK  
WIRE WITH THE  
YELLOW  
STRIPE

SNIP!

STILL HERE

BUD, GIVE  
ME A READING  
OFF YOUR LIQUID  
OXYGEN  
GAUGE!

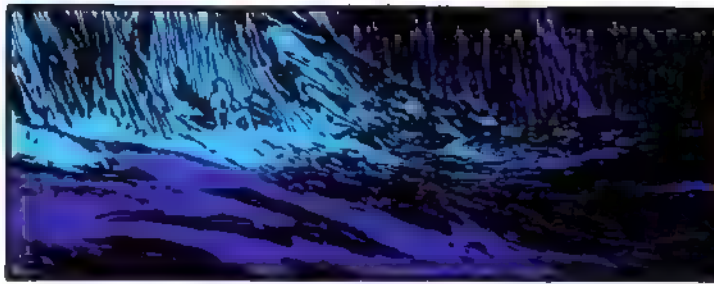
FIVE MINUTES LEFT

IT TOOK  
HIM HALF AN  
HOUR TO GET  
DOWN THERE

DROP  
YOUR WEIGHTS  
AND START BACK  
NOW! THE GAUGE  
COULD BE  
WRONG--

NO.





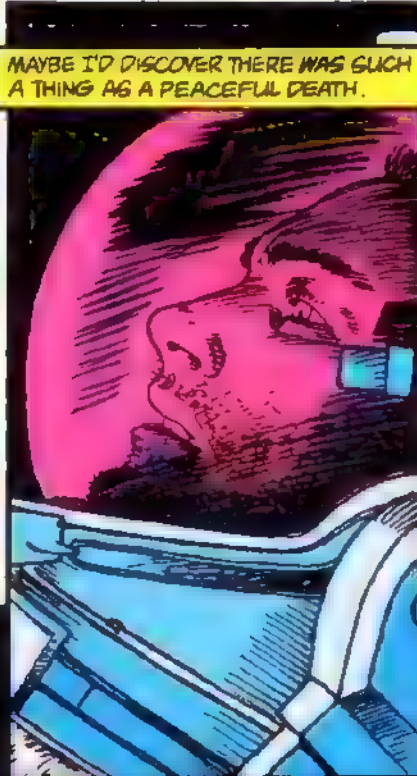
THINK I'LL STAY AWHILE. BEAUTIFUL  
HERE. WORTH ADMISSION

DON'T CRY BABY. WE KNEW THIS WAS A ONE  
WAY TICKET WHEN I PUT THIS THING ON.  
BUT YOU KNOW I HAD TO COME.

LOVE YOU WIFE.



I TOLD MYSELF IT WAS ALL RIGHT I'D  
DONE THE RIGHT THING... DONE ALL I  
COULD DO...

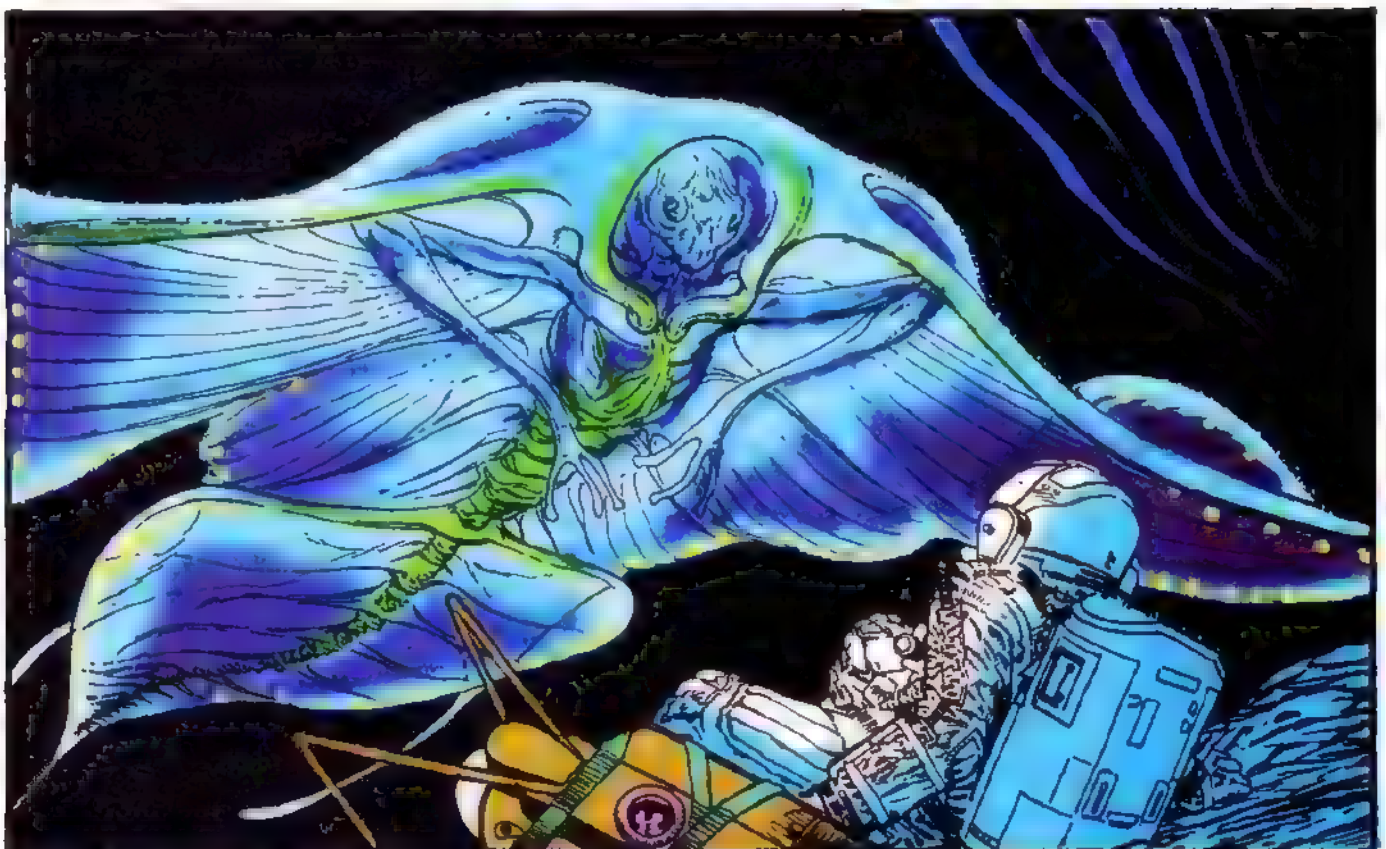


MAYBE I'D DISCOVER THERE WAS SUCH  
A THING AS A PEACEFUL DEATH.




ONLY SOMETHING UNEXPECTED HAPPENED...

DEATH WOULD HAVE TO WAIT.








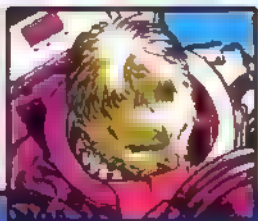
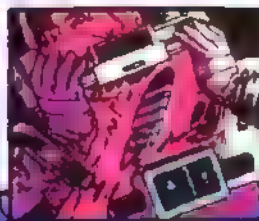
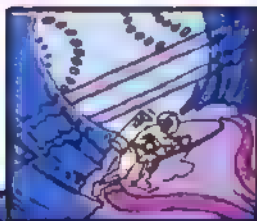
THE CREATURE PULLED ME ALONG  
AT AN INCREDIBLE RATE...

...WHILE BELOW, THE ABYSSAL PLAIN  
SWEEP BY...A LANDSCAPE FROM  
ANOTHER WORLD...




.. THE NTI'S HOME AWAY FROM HOME.

THE TRIP THROUGH THE CITY PASSED AS A DREAM. A MINUTE... AN HOUR... WITH NO IDENTIFIABLE PHYSICAL POINT OF REFERENCE,  
TIME ITSELF LOST ALL MEANING. THE NEXT THING I KNEW, I WAS STANDING ON SOMETHING SOMETHING SO WID... AND DRY.



...AIR.



HOWDY  
Umh... HOW YOU  
GUYS DOIN'?

I DIDN'T REALLY  
EXPECT AN ANSWER--  
ESPECIALLY NOT THE  
ONE I GOT--



...ACOUSTIC SHOCKWAVES, LIKE TSUNAMIS, BUT WITH NO SEISMOLOGICAL SOURCE. THE WAVES ARE PROPAGATING TOWARD THE SHORELINES OF EVERY CONTINENT--

IT WAS A TELEVISION NEWS BROADCAST. CONSIDERING WHERE I WAS, THAT IN ITSELF WAS SURPRISING -- BUT NOT HALF AS SURPRISING AS WHAT IT SHOWED.

YOU'RE DOING IT! RIGHT? THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE TELLING ME... YOU CAN CONTROL THE OCEANS ... BUT WHY?

THE HORIZON HAS GONE DARK... THE WAVE... MAYBE A THOUSAND FEET HIGH... GETTING BIGGER... JESUS...

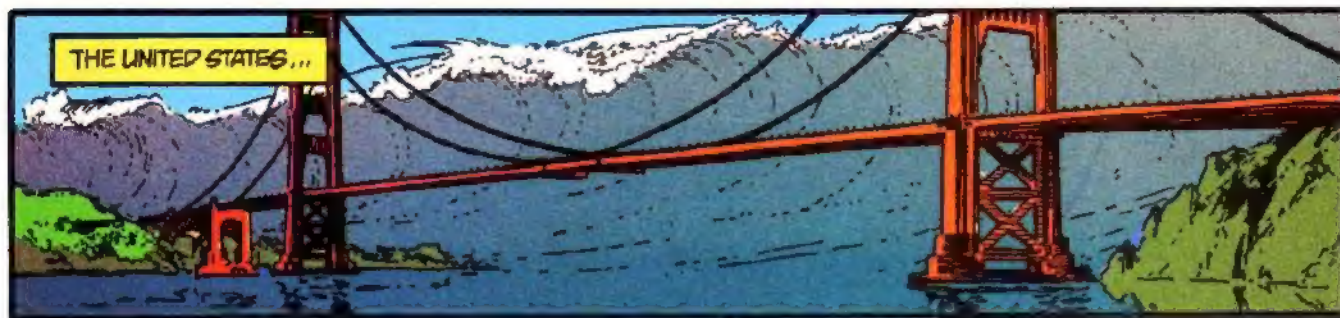
IT WAS OLD NEWSREEL FOOTAGE, BUT THEIR POINT WAS UNMISTAKABLE.

HEY, YOU DON'T KNOW THEY'RE REALLY GONNA DO IT!

WHERE DO YOU GET OFF PASSING JUDGEMENT ON US, WHEN YOU CAN'T BE SURE? HOW DO YOU KNOW?

HOW COULD THEY NOT KNOW?





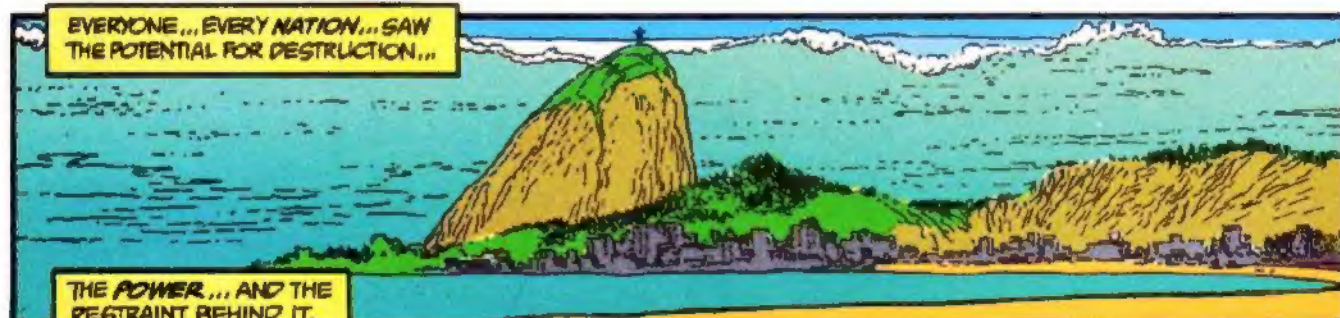
THE UNITED STATES...



THE SOVIET UNION...



EVERYWHERE ON EARTH...

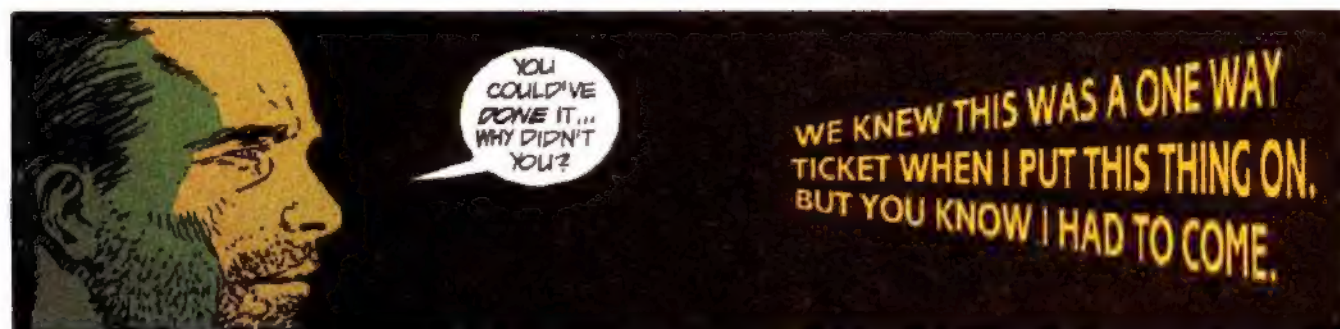


EVERYONE... EVERY NATION... SAW  
THE POTENTIAL FOR DESTRUCTION...

THE **POWER**... AND THE  
RESTRAINT BEHIND IT.



THE WAVES  
RETRACTED...  
THE SEAS RETURNED  
TO NORMAL.



YOU  
COULD'VE  
DONE IT...  
WHY DIDN'T  
YOU?

WE KNEW THIS WAS A ONE WAY  
TICKET WHEN I PUT THIS THING ON,  
BUT YOU KNOW I HAD TO COME.







THEY'VE LEFT US ALONE BUT IT BOTHERS THEM TO SEE US HURTING EACH OTHER, GETTING OUT OF HAND LATELY



THEY SENT A MESSAGE, HOPE YOU GOT IT.

THEY WANT US TO GROW UP AND PUT AWAY CHILDISH THINGS



OF COURSE ITS JUST A SUGGESTION

THE ENTIRE WORLD HAD BEEN SENT A MESSAGE THAT NO ONE COULD MISTAKE. WHATEVER HAPPENED NOW WOULD BE OUR DECISION--OUR RESPONSIBILITY.



IT WAS UP TO US TO TAKE THE NEXT STEP.



THE END.